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No.126 May 1994

WHO FILM: *Nimoy to direct!*

Elisabeth Sladen *interview*

Camfield and Combat

1984 In Retrospect

COMING TO EARLS COURT, LONDON
DREAMWATCH '94

The new Golf Estate.

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ANOTHER MONTH, another issue...but it feels slightly different this time... as you'll see from Gary's 'Address to the Nation'(!) on page six, I've decided to move on from DWB - though not immediately, as I'll be sticking around till late Summer. I'll have done twenty-odd issues by then, and it seems like a good time to call it a day, particularly as a revamp was in the offing for then anyway. I'll still be editing the general television magazine, now called TellyVisions, and have a few other projects lined up, so you've not seen the last of me yet...

In the meantime, I have to direct a few words at the person who walked off with my bag during the Silva Screen demo at Manopticon. Whoever you are, you've put a lot of people out, and at the moment you haven't many friends at DWB, at the Who Shop, or at Manopticon! If you still have the stuff, you could make amends by sending it back! In the meantime though can I ask any classified advertiser who's recently sent in an ad which doesn't appear in this issue to send a duplicate, as I know there were a couple sitting in the missing file...

On a lighter note, last issue's April Fool has provoked an interesting reaction. Nobody's been 'fooled', as such, and written in in response, but I have seen one of two people asking where the April Fool was - which implies they believed it... [Evil laugh.]

ANTHONY

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Cover: Elisabeth Sladen - *Pyramids of Mars* (© BBC Video)
Page 2: Jon Pertwee - *Inferno* (© BBC Video)
Page 27: *Pyramids of Mars* (© BBC Video)

THANKS TO: J Jeremy Bentham, Robert Cope, Adrian Rigelsford, Rebecca Levene at Virgin, Tony Clark, Anthony McKay, Anthony Clark Gordon Barr, BBS Listings, BBC Video,and anyone I've forgotten.

NEXT ISSUE:
THE AVENGERS overview and reviews...
The Lis Sladen interview concluded...
The Visition and Black Orchid...
The penultimate bunch of STTNG/DS9 episodes...
The latest ITC video releases...
AND MUCH MORE, PUBLISHED 20 MAY!

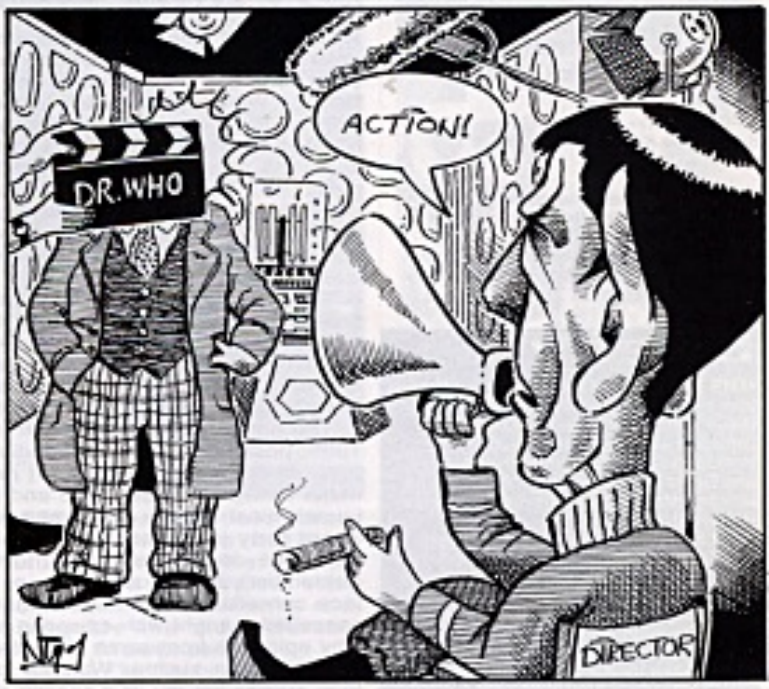
SPOCK SHOCK! NIMOY TO BEAM ABOARD THE TARDIS

LUMIERE have appointed STAR TREK veteran Leonard Nimoy to direct the forthcoming DOCTOR WHO movie.

The actor created a stir recently when he announced that he would not be returning as Spock in the seventh STAR TREK movie - which unites the original and present series crews - since his role would have amounted to no more than a few seconds onscreen. STAR TREK fans have been quick to interpret his involvement with the DOCTOR WHO picture as an act of revenge, but Lumiere are understood to have targeted the actor and equally successful director some time ago because of his impressive work on *STAR TREKS III* and *IV*.

Another influencing factor is the involvement of the script's co-authors: Denny Martin Flynn (see last issue) scripted *STAR TREK VI*, while Nicholas Meyer penned *STAR TREK VI* with input from Nimoy, who hinted at a recent convention that he hadn't ruled out the possibility of being involved on *STAR TREK VIII*, though whether Paramount take his 'defection' personally remains to be seen...

Lumiere are understood to have been working to a tight schedule to ensure that production on the film commenced before their option expired on April 7. Any filming that may so far have taken place has been kept tightly under wraps, so much so that staff at Lumiere's London press office feign surprise and amazement to all callers enquiring about the production...



VOLKSWAGON BITE BACK!

FOLLOWING the BBC's criticisms of the current newspaper advertising campaign for the new Volkswagon Golf, featuring Doctors three, four and five, DWB sought a reaction from the ad agency responsible, BMP.

"As we are a respected company in our field, we initially did the honourable thing and asked the BBC's permission to use the actors, more as a matter of courtesy than anything else, and they came back refusing their permission," agency spokesman Phillip Holliday told us. He continued: "After consulting our legal advisors, we decided that we were perfectly justified in going ahead with our plans without any compromise to the original idea. It was never our intention to infringe BBC copyright, we had always intended merely to allude to *that* series without any direct reference, therefore leaving the reader to make up his or her mind as to any connection."

The photo shoot took place on February 12 during which Jon Pertwee, Tom Baker and Peter Davison were together. "Throughout the day the actors all seemed very relaxed, laughing and joking with each other as the photographer set up," Holliday recalled. "Tom Baker even sent me a letter saying how much he had enjoyed the shoot, which is nice to know."

We asked Mr. Holliday why Doctors six and seven weren't included in the campaign. He explained: "We only ever wanted three actors, really, and the gentlemen we got would all have been identifiable to the age range who are now of an age to seriously consider purchasing a car, whereas the other two were perhaps a bit too recent to have played a part in the formative years of those that we aimed the ad towards."

Two ads were actually made, the second - a logical progression of the newspaper campaign - seen only on special backlit billboards in the London area (and this issue of DWB!). It is the latter version which has just won a monthly award from the billboard industry for most striking poster.

•*Report by Robert Cope*

•*Certain elements within BBC Enterprises appear to be taking this affair less than seriously... The Stage reports that a spokesman, asked what measures might be taken against repeated violations of Enterprises' interests, replied "Oh, the usual...legs broken on the steps outside Woodlands, banishment to Skaro..."*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A one year subscription (12 issues) costs £33/US$69 (or £36/$79 for first-class card-reinforced envelopes). Make cheques/POs payable to 'DWB' and send to: *DWB Subscriptions, 5 Whitegate Gardens, Harrow-Weald, Middlesex HA3 6BW.*
CLUBS & LOCAL GROUPS: Purchase DWB in bulk for your members at 50p off the cover price (min. 6 issues). SAE to P.O. box for details.

ADVERTISING RATES AND CONDITIONS: Classified ads - £3.95 for up to 45 words (10p per additional word). FAN: one page (A4 camera ready) £140; half page (182x130/90x265mm) £70; quarter page (93x130/44x265mm); £35; sixth page (61x130mm) £25; eighth page (44x130mm/93x63mm) £18. COMMERCIAL: one page £180; half page £90; quarter page £45; sixth page £32; eighth page £23. •Full colour rates available on request. •Prices inclusive of VAT. •15% discount available for three or more insertions. •10% discount for charity-related ventures. •Adverts must be camera ready and of a tidy appearance, surrounded by a neat black box conforming to the exact dimension. Adverts which do not comply to this criteria will be returned.

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UK GOLD UPDATE

(April) 15-20th: *City of Death*
21-26th - *The Creature from the Pit*
27-2nd (May) - *Nightmare of Eden*
3-6th - *The Horns of Nimon*
9-12th - *The Leisure Hive*
13-18th - *State of Decay*
19-24th - *Meglos*
25-30th - *Full Circle*
31-3rd (June) - *Warriors' Gate*
6-9th - *The Keeper of Traken*
10-15th - *Logopolis*

•While season seventeen is going out in transmission order, the coming and going of Adric in the production order scheduling of season eighteen has been brought to UK Gold's attention, and may be changed in time...

briefly...

•THE TERROR GAME, the next offering from the Bill Baggs stable,sees Colin Baker's Stranger joined by Louise Jameson as a seedy nightclub manageress called Tamora Hennessey, and David Troughton (son of Patrick) as an inter-dimensional terrorist called Egan. Released in May...

•W.H.SMITH has insisted that Virgin amend the cover illustration for the first of THE MISSING ADVENTURES, *Goth Opera* by Paul Cornell, which was too graphic for their liking. The artwork was returned to Alister Pearson who was told to paint out all the blood, which he has grudgingly done, "Save for the odd speck or two," he told DWB, with a glint in his eye...

•TITAN BOOKS have the all clear to release several more Script Books. These are *Galaxy 4* on July 14, *The Crusade* on November 17 and *The Abominable Snowmen* in January 1995. *The Pirate Planet* is still experiencing clearance problems, but Titan hope to release it in August...

•FOLLOWING John Nathan-Turner and Gary Downie in their quest to find employment on the other side of the Atlantic is Nicola Bryant. This sudden craze couldn't have something to do with the sudden interest in DOCTOR WHO Stateside, could it?...

•JON PERTWEE was the recipient of a much sought-after Gotcha Oscar on the March 19 edition of NOEL'S HOUSE PARTY. He was caught a few weeks ago whilst participating in a radio interview in Oxford where joker Noel - in heavy disguise - failed to play his selected choice of records, mistook him for his cousin, Bill, and paraded a line of hoax phone calls during which one caller thought he was speaking to Peter Cushing! It was Edmonds who ended up looking stupid when Pertwee genuinely failed to realise that he had been cornered by the programme - even after being awarded the coveted trophy!...

•ORGANISERS of Constantinople - a science fiction convention held in Melbourne, Australia, on April 2-3 - were disgruntled to discover that Colin Baker - who was billed to guest at their event - had apparently opted for the more sombre surroundings of Manchester Town hall, England. A $5000 fee and business class return travel had been agreed with Baker's agent, but the actor pulled out several weeks before the event, not in favour of appearing once again at Manopticon, it transpires, but primarily due to an offer of some TV work...

•FOLLOWING the astonishing turnout for Ayl-Con I in Aylesbury in February, which was attended by over 400 people and raised £1000+ for charity, comes Aly-Con II, to be held at the Forte Crest Hotel, Birmingham, over the weekend of February 18-19, 1995. This year's packed schedule of events of particular interest to DOCTOR WHO fans - for once geographically dispersed and evenly paced throughout the year - continues with Blue Box II in Southampton (April 29-May 1), Dark Tower in Blackpool (July 16-17), Panopticon '94 in Coventry (September 24-26), our own DreamWatch '94 in London (October 29-30) and Cult TV in Norfolk (November 11-14). Look out for the various ads appearing in DWB...

•VISIONS - the premier organisers of American telefantasy-related conventions - have announced that their 1994 event will be devoted primarily to RED DWARF (despite the increasingly likely prospect that a new series could be in production around the same time). DOCTOR WHO will be represented with appearances by Jon Pertwee, Nicola Courtney, John Levene and Louise Jameson, and the series will again take the spotlight for Visions in 1995...

•CBS are following up their recent spate of March video releases with the following on May 18: *The Aztecs*, *Planet of the Spiders* (one tape), *Robot*, *City of Death*, *Terminus* and *Resurrection of the Daleks*. Each will retail at $19.99. *The Stranger* and *Airzone Solution* are now available Stateside under the sole distributorship of Science Fiction Continuum, PO Box 154, Colonia, NJ 07067...

•AN ENTOURAGE of BBC executives have flown out to this month's major film and TV fair - MIPCOM - in Cannes, where the hammering out of the final details of the BBC/Amblin contract is believed to be on the agenda...

•THE DARK DIMENSION book, provisionally scheduled for October, will include storyboards, the full script, photographs from the shortlived production period and of the monsters that were built, including the startling reinterpretation of the Cybermen...

'THE NEW ADVENTURES OF DOCTOR WHO' TO LAUNCH AS A MID-SEASON REPLACEMENT

AMBLIN and Universal Television - the major US network backing the project - are believed to be establishing a fresh identity for the new brand of DOCTOR WHO to distinguish it from its humble BBC origins, in much the same way as STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION did from its Sixties counterpart.

'THE NEW ADVENTURES OF DOCTOR WHO' is rumoured to be the name under which the series will go out in Britain, and there is much speculation that the similarly relaunched NEW ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN was bought by Controller Alan Yentob to test the waters for the full-time return of fantasy series to BBC1's Saturday evening schedule. The series has proven to be a palpable hit in its 6.15pm slot achieving audiences of 9-10 million, making the return of DOCTOR WHO to its most successful ever timeslot - where, in its Seventies heyday, it averaged 11 million viewers weekly - an increasing likelihood.

The series is likely to launch in America in early 1995, possibly January depending on which of the thirty or so cancelled shows it replaces. The three major networks - ABC, CBS and NBC - traditionally launch most of their major new series, on average about forty in all, each comprising around 22-26 episodes, in the 'fall' (around the third week of September). By January, thirty or so of these series face cancellation due to poor ratings and some are cancelled outright with episodes still to air (which is why episodes from some US series have only been seen in Britain, such as WISEGUY on SKY). These are then succeeded my 'mid-season replacements', new series of around 13 episodes slotted in to complete the allocated run. Series such as QUANTUM LEAP and THE SIMPSONS started life this way.

Whereas a new BBC series takes two years from conception to screen, the workings of American television are such that a 22-part series devised in April can be on the air just five months later, but by commencing DOCTOR WHO as a mid-season replacement will allow the BBC and Amblin more time to iron out the rough spots in the contract, and to potentially have a show-reel ready to premiere at a major television fair in September where they are expected to formally announce full details. It is the impact the series will make at the fair that the BBC and Amblin hope will maximise sales to television stations around the world, hence the current virtual blanket ban on information from both White City and LA since - if too much information and hype about the series were leaked out before then - it is likely that potential buyers might consider the relaunch old hat by then.

The success of the two-hour opener and subsequent 13 episodes is vital if three further seasons of 22 episodes apiece - the first of which would commence September 1995 - are to be commissioned. As a networked series the pressure will be far greater than for syndicated series like STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION, and even more so as a mid-season replacement which generally have to fight to find their feet and be noticed since they're not hyped to the extent of series premiering in the fall. Should the new DOCTOR WHO air next January then it will be known, come February 1995, whether its relaunch under Spielberg has paid off. If ratings are poor, then at worse it could be cancelled after just *four* episodes.

Many a death-knell has been sounded in the past for series of quality and substance which were then scheduled alongside ratings monsters, and a major fear is that stations will seek to counter-attack, for example Paramount by pitching the syndicated DEEP SPACE NINE - or even ABC with THE ADVENTURES OF CLARK AND LOIS - directly opposite...

O'BRIEN OFF SHORTLIST?

Whilst some British newspapers have reported that Richard O'Brien has turned down the role of the Doctor in the new series, an official statement has yet to be released. It was reported that he was at odds with Amblin over the quality of the scripts, and as readers of *The DWB Interview File* will know, O'Brien has strong ideas and opinions and likes to have an input into anything he is involved with.

Several other British actors are under consideration, and one such actor known to be connected with the project is Monty Python's own Eric Idle. Idle has made cameo appearances in American films including *National Lampoon's European Vacation*, but his television exposure Stateside is more or less restricted to the ghostly sitcom NEARLY DEPARTED, which departed very quickly. Peter O'Toole is another name linked to the series, with rumour suggesting that he is down to play the Doctor's...father! Stories linking David (*Star Trek V&VI*) Warner appear wide of the mark, however, as Warner is apparently unwilling to tie himself down to one series, although he is happy to make guest appearances...

The series' appointed producer is Peter Wagg, not Wragg as misprinted last issue, late of MAX HEADROOM fame which he produced (the movie and series one) and executive produced (series two) for Chrysalis Visual Programming Ltd. Ironically it was on MAX HEADROOM that Coast to Coast got started providing special effects!

Many of the technical crew who worked on the aborted SEAQUEST DSV are moving over to WHO, and several effects designers from Paramount who are fans of the series are understood to have expressed an interest in 'helping out'. Several STAR TREK writers, old and new have also signalled their willingness to write for the series, among them Harlan Ellison (a self-confessed DOCTOR WHO fan, who enthused over the series in US editions of the Target novelisations in the late Seventies), while William Gibson is reportedly interested in contributing ideas. (*PR*)

Terry Gilliam is thought to be down to direct a couple of episodes alongside Ridley Scott and Steven Spielberg, who is currently planning a sequel to *Jurassic Park*. However that won't enter production for some time as Spielberg vowed to take a year off from film-making after completing the Oscar-winning *Schindler's List*.

•Tabloid speculation that BAYWATCH bimbo Pamela Anderson might appear in the series seems wide of the mark, as an ex-Playmate would hardly provide the brand of 'wholesome sex appeal' which Teri Hatcher has brought to LOIS AND CLARK, and which Amblin are reportedly out to reproduce...

Colin Baker Years strikes death blow to specials?

THE EXTENDED version of THIRTY YEARS IN THE TARDIS came close to being cancelled recently, following the disastrous performance of March's *The Colin Baker Years* tape which failed to make Gallup's top twenty-five chart.

BBC Enterprises' Marketing Department rang the alarm bells for future special projects, but director Kevin Davies again fought valliantly to keep the troubled project afloat. It will now be released on one tape of ninety minutes duration, and with a substantially reduced budget.

The documentary, which has been plagued by problems almost from the outset, lost a vital ally when David Jackson - the appointed executive producer - was forced to take leave after Christmas. On March 1 the new broom, Sue Kerr - with no experience of the DOCTOR WHO range - signalled her intent to release the televised version of the documentary as soon as possible, misinterpreting the endless enthusiastic letters sent in by fans eagerly awaiting the *extended* release.

A few weeks later the sales figures for *The Colin Baker Years* came in, proving to be as poor as the previous 'special' releases, all produced and directed by John Nathan-Turner. Jackson returned to Enterprises after Easter to find morale towards the DOCTOR WHO video range at an all time low. Last year the company enthusiastically pumped the new releases for all they were worth, expecting impressive returns, but the tapes didn't perform as well as expected, with the TARDIS and Dalek tins a confessed flop. It is now acknowledged that the Pertwee and Tom Baker releases are far and away the best performers, and this should be reflected in future schedules.

Davies has requested that the documentary be copy protected in the same way that *Tomb of the Cybermen* was, citing its huge sales - far in excess of any other DOCTOR WHO tape - as evidence that there may be fans who copy each others' tapes. As he put it bluntly to DWB: *"Unless people buy the tapes, the range of DOCTOR WHO specials is in jeopardy."...*

•***Arc of Infinity*** *predicatable* reached a lowly number ten in the gallup chart.

BARRY LETTS CONTRIBUTES TO 'THE MISSING ADVENTURES'

DESPITE the questions raised over the NEW ADVENTURES' future by Mr. Spielberg's own version, new titles are still being commissioned at a frantic rate, alongside the more durable MISSING STORIES series:

Andrew Cartmel has been invited back to pen the penultimate Ace adventure, *Warlock*, which features many of the characters from his previous NEW ADVENTURE, *Warhead*. Left-handed Kate Orman then has the enviable distinction of writing out Ace - who many feel has way overstayed her welcome - in *Set Piece*. Then follow a couple of Doctor and Bernice adventures, the first by Daniel Blythe called *Infinite Requiem*, before two new characters - "29th century adjudicators" called Chris Cwej and Roslyn Forrester - are introduced.

John Peel's *War of the Daleks* is still under negotiation with Roger Hancock Ltd., although it is believed talks have reached an impasse. *Falls the Shadow*, by Daniel O'Mahoney, has been slotted in its place for December, otherwise the schedule for the rest of 1994 - as published in DWB122 - remains unchanged.

Over on THE MISSING ADVENTURES, former DWB columnist Craig Hinton has written *The Crystal Bucephalus* - a fifth Doctor/Tegan/Turlough story set between *The King's Demons* and *The Five Doctors* - for November release. It features Kamelion in a substantial role, and explains why the TARDIS console regenerated between stories. *State of Change* - a sixth Doctor and Peri story set between *Revelation of the Daleks* and the Trial - is out in December,while 1995 is launched with *The Ghost of N-Space* by Barry Letts - predictably featuring the third Doctor, Sarah and the Brigadier - who penned the story while awaiting a possible new audio WHO commission from Radio 2. The fourth Doctor, Romana II and K9 resurface in February in *The Romance of Crime* by Gareth Roberts.

Meanwhile, Paul Cornell, Martin Day and Keith Topping are currently working on a nit-pickers-type guide to DOCTOR WHO entitled *The Pedant's Companion*, a paperback format book for publication in February 1995...

Coming Soon...

(Books unless otherwise stated)

Just Out and April

THE CHAMPIONS - *The Survivors/The Bodysnatchers* (video)
R&H DEC'D - *The Smile Behind the Veil/All Work and No Pay* (video)
FIREBALL XL5/SUPERCAR - Volume One (video)
4th STAR TREK - *Patrician Transgression* (Simon Hawke)
4th *STAR TREK Encyclopedia* (Michael & Denise Okuda & Debbie Mirek)
4th YOUNG DEEP SPACE 9 - *Stowaways* (Brad Strickland)
5th THE TRIPODS Volume One (video)
5th THE NEXT GENERATION - *Interface/Gambit I* (video)
5th DEEP SPACE NINE - *The Siege/Invasive Procedures* (video)
11th THE NEW AVENGERS - *K is for Kill: 1-The Tiger Awakes/2-Tiger By the Tail* (video)
14th *DOCTOR WHO Magazine* 212 (£2.50)
21st STAR TREK reprint - *Mudd's Angels* (JA Lawrence)
21st THE NEW ADVENTURES - *Legacy* (Gary Russell)
21st DOCTOR WHO - *Paradise of Death* (Barry Letts)
25th THE AVENGERS - two Diana Rigg episodes (video)
25th THE AVENGERS - *Fog/Noon Doomsday* (video)
25th THE AVENGERS - *The Super Secret Cypher Snatch/All Done with Mirrors* (video)
25th AVENGERS signing at Forbidden Planet with Linda Thorson
28th *DOCTOR WHO Classic Comics* 20 (£2.50)

May

THE CHAMPIONS - *The Mission/The Gunrunners* (video)
SPACE 1999 - *The Lambda Factor/Seance Spectre* (video)
2nd THE NEXT GENERATION - *Debtor's Planet* (Bill Thompson)
2nd DEEP SPACE NINE - *Betrayal* (Lois Tilton)
3rd DOCTOR WHO - *Ghost Light* (video)
3rd DOCTOR WHO - *Inferno* (video)
3rd THE TRIPODS - Volume Two (video)
7th DOCTOR WHO signing with Caroline John & Sophie Aldred at The Conservatory behind FP London, at 1pm
9th DEEP SPACE NINE - *Cardassians/Melora* (video)
9th THE NEXT GENERATION - *Gambit II/Phantasms* (video)
12th *DOCTOR WHO Magazine* 214 (£2.50)
19th THE NEW ADVENTURES - *Theatre of War* (Justin Richards)
26th *DOCTOR WHO Classic Comics* 21 (£2.50)

June

SPACE 1999 - *Dorzac/Devil's Planet* (video)
R&H DEC'D - *A Sentimental Journey/Somebody Just Walked Over My Grave* (video)
R&D DEC'D - *Just for the Record/The Man from Nowhere* (video)
6th THE TRIPODS - Volume Three (video)
6th SPACE VETS (video)
6th STAR TREK - *The Lost Years: Traitor Winds* (LA Graf)
6th STARFLEET ACADEMY - *To Capture the Flag* (John Voorhholt)
6th THE NEXT GENERATION - *All Good Things* (Novelisation - Michael Jan Friedman)
16th THE NEW ADVENTURES - *All Consuming Fire* (Andy Lane)
16th *DOCTOR WHO Programme Guide* (Jean Marc L'Officier - revised)
23rd STAR TREK - *Trek to Madworld* (Stephen Goldin)

LAURA INGALLS ZAPS SUTEKH!!!

BBC2's experimental scheduling of DOCTOR WHO at midday on Sundays has proven to be embarrassingly disastrous, as the latest figures in for *Pyramids of Mars* demonstrate.

When the story - among the very finest the series spawned during its first 26 years - was first repeated in November 1976, 13.7 million people tuned in, making it the seventh most watched programme of the week. Its recent graveyard slot - pitched directly in the middle of the hour-long run of LITTLE HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE, itself preceded by PLANET OF THE APES on Channel 4 - generated average audiences of only 989,5000 in March...worse than *The Green Death*:

Pyramids of Mars 1 - 1,121,000
Pyramids of Mars 2 - 1,049,000
Pyramids of Mars 3 - 983,000
Pyramids of Mars 4 - 805,000

BBC2 TAKES SCISSORS TO RE-ACQUIRED ST:TNG

WITH the rights to broadcast STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION reverting back to the BBC in April, SKY have commenced re-runs of the original STAR TREK.

Surprisingly the series is back in its former 6pm BBC2 slot - recommencing on April 13 where it left off with season four's second episode, *Family*, continuing through to the end of season seven - despite hopes that Alan Yentob would do an ABSOLUTELY FABULOUS move and claim it for peak time BBC1. As a result, various episodes are again undergoing surgery to make them 'suitable for family viewing', particularly season seven's *Genesis* which includes graphic visual effects of people genetically reverting into insects, all of which are believed to have been trimmed leaving only thirty minutes of footage for broadcasting, heralded in some quarters as a mixed blessing! Latest reports suggest that *Genesis* will be dropped altogether, though a decision will not need to be taken for a couple of years...

•Filming is now complete on the final episode of TNG, All Good Things

•A late entry in season two of DS9 will be The Dominion I, which will finally reveal the nature of the new threat to the Federation...

•The penultimate TNG episode - featuring Ro Laren's reappearance - has now been renamed Preemtpive Strike.

•In the TNG episode Emergance the Enterprise computer begins to show signs of sentience...

•James Doohan and Walter Koenig have joined William Shatner in the cast of Star Trek: Generations, but will be the only other original series cast to appear. All TNG cast have now signed for the film, with Brent Spiner, characteristically, being the last to come aboard...

•William Shatner claims he has made things up with Jimmy Doohan and Nichelle Nichols, but Nichols is apparently furious that he used material she was saving for her book in Star Trek Memories...

•BBC2's repeat run of BLAKE'S 7 has been put back to August. BBC Video will simultaneously relaunch the entire range of tapes at £7.99...

•BABYLON 5 comes to Channel 4 on Monday May 9, although it may be put back a week (see preview)....

•RANDALL AND HOPKIRK DECEASED will replace THE MAN FROM UNCLE on BBC2 in the near future...

•JOE 90 comes to BBC1...at the un-Godly hour of 7.45 on Saturdays mornings from April 23...

DREAMWATCH Bulletin

IN WHAT IS shaping up to be DreamWatch Publishing's most adventurous year to date, this new column is intended to keep you abreast of all the latest developments.

The DWB Interview File was finally published on March 31, and to all those who ordered the book as early as last November, many apologies. It was originally intended to be the same format (136pp, 8 in full colour) as its predecessor, *The DWB Compendium*, but soon took on a life of its own, mushrooming to a full 184pp, 16 in full colour, aided by many of our featured interviewees who gladly seized the opportunity to update their original contributions. I also hadn't anticipated the wealth of fresh photographic material still waiting to be discovered from various photo agencies around London (it's a proud editor who can boast that among 250 or so photographs, over two-thirds have never before been published!).

Those early birds who ordered the books from our original adverts benefited financially from our lack of hindsight. The official prices are now as follows: *The DWB Compendium* (paperback) £12.99; (hardback) £17.99; *The DWB Interview File* (paperback) £14.99; (hardback) £19.99. Orders to the editorial address (DWB, PO Box 1015, Brighton BN2 2YU).

While I have been absorbed with the *Interview File*, the last few issues of *DWB* have been entirely in the hands of editor Anthony Brown, who is currently formulating *DWB*'s sister magazine, *TellyVisions*, for an anticipated autumn launch to tie-in with the new television season. After twenty or so issues of editing *DWB*, to much acclaim, Anthony will be moving on later this year to helm our new magazine as well as other projects... Plans are already afoot for a major revamp of *DWB*, and the timing couldn't be more appropriate. With the demise of STTNG, the series - and with it our love-'em-or-loathe 'em episode guides - and the revival of DOCTOR WHO, we are looking forward to our next regeneration with vigour!

One important element of the change will be the appointment of a professional production manager who will oversee the look of both magazines, thus freeing our editors to concentrate entirely on the content matter. We are now inviting applications for the positions of, a) *DWB* editor and, b) production manager on *DWB* and *TellyVisions*. Both positions are part-time and, unless entirely enthusiastic, should not be considered adjacent to full-time employment. Please send full details of your experience and examples of your work to the editorial address (above), enclosing an SAE.

DWB122 saw an advertisement for *Nebula*, to have taken place in Liverpool over the late May Bank Holiday weekend. This is now superceded by *DREAMWATCH '94*, to be held in London at the end of October (see advert this issue), which will enable us to launch Reeltime Pictures' long-awaited *Downtime* project - the final story in the Yeti trilogy written by Marc Platt and directed by veteran Christopher Barry. The 50-minute adventure - which is being co-funded by *DreamWatch Publishing* - continues on logically from the 1967 adventures *The Abominable Snowmen* and *The Web of Fear*, and reunites Nicholas Courtney as the Brigadier, Jack Watling as Travers and Deborah Watling as Victoria. The script has been approved by the copyright holders Mervyn Haisman and Henry Lincoln, and recording commences in July. The video of this exciting production will go on sale for the first time at *DREAMWATCH '94*, with all of the cast and crew attending to sign copies and recount their experiences of working together again after so many years.

As well as *Downtime*, a carefully thought-out schedule has been devised consisting of rhyme and reason. The emphasis is on innovation, and since none of the *DREAMWATCH* committee have been involved in organising conventions before, we are anticipating a freshness which seasoned convention-goers should immediately note. DOCTOR WHO, BLAKE'S 7, THE TOMORROW PEOPLE and SURVIVORS are the planned featured series of our first event, with a naturally heavy emphasis on the former, and we would strongly urge everyone interested to register as soon as possible. There is a cut-off point which will be strictly adhered to, and since this is the major event to be staged in the capital this year, demand will be high...

On a final note, while welcoming the news of Amblin's bid for DOCTOR WHO (it was *DWB* that broke the news of a "Major Relaunch" way back last September!), I recently expressed caution, noting the usually schmultzy, candyfloss-laden approach to Spielberg's work. That comment was, of course, before I had marvelled at the gritty, stark realism of *Schindler's List*, which I would strongly urge the entire human race to see (you can keep your *Mrs Doubtfire*s!). The contrast in styles between *Jurassic Park* and *Schindler's List* - directed immediately one after the other - is remarkable in itself, and shows that Spielberg knows how to shrewdly target his approach from one project to the next. With his involvement in DOCTOR WHO believed to be in an influential capacity, we will have to trust his shrewdness one more time...

Gary Leigh

briefly...

•IN ADDITION to DOCTOR WHO, the BBC is understood to be involved in discussions about co-producing another science fiction series with an American company. SPACE CHASE, made by Fox TV, is a heavily-stylised pirates-in-space series reliant on creature effects and is to be shot in Britain this summer. It would also be a mid-season replacement for early 95...

•BBC VIDEO have scheduled the first of three MOONBASE 3 tapes for release on June 27, comprising the first two episodes - *Departure and Arrival* and *Behemoth* - at £10.99. Tape two (*Achilles Heel* and *Outsiders*) is scheduled for August with the third (*Castor and Pollux* and *Views of a Dead Planet*) in October. A few music clearance problems with the latter episodes have prevented the tapes being issued simultaneously. RED DWARF V - *Holoship* is provisionally pencilled in for July...

•TITAN BOOKS is publishing All I Really Know I Learned from Watching STAR TREK by David Marinaccio in June, priced £5.99. Marinaccio is an advertising executive and the book is an autobiography of his life's lessons learned entirely from watching Spock and Co. Titan is also publishing a full colour STAR TREK graphic novel called Tests of Courage on September 22 at £7.99, and two of Patrick McNee's Sixties AVENGERS novels - Deadline and Dead Duck - later this year...

•THE FAMILY CHANNEL has purchased a new Australian SF series, ESCAPE FROM JUPITER, which won't be screened by the ABC until October. The first of the 13 25-minute episodes commenced at 6pm on April 10 and centres on the adventures of Daniel Taylor, a teenage boy living on Jupiter's closest moon, from which he and his family are forced to flee when it begins to disintegrate...

Give Amblin a chance!

John Connors
Liverpool

Some DOCTOR WHO fans are pathetic. The way they've reacted to the Amblin news typifies their confrontational and negative attitude to everything. Without a second thought they launch campaigns, leaping to xenophobic conclusions with frightening ease.

Amblin have a proven track record of quality productions that match state of the art visuals with good entertainment; excitement and interest levels running at peak. Amblin's DOCTOR WHO will be the best ever — it will take all the things we love about the programme and launch them spinning into a bright, bold future. It'll be so gleaming, so **now**, and we'll all think it's wonderful.

Wake up to today: Hartnell is not going to be recast, rickety sets are in the past. You can trust Amblin with any concept — DOCTOR WHO is in good hands now.

Niall Turner
Hants

Nay, nay and thrice nay! John Gorman's fan's charter is presumptuous and a little worrying. Talk about looking a gift horse int he mouth. DOCTOR WHO the BBC tv series is dead, deceased, an ex-adventure in time and space. DOCTOR WHO the concept is alive and kicking, up there with the Sherlock Holmes and Robin Hoods of this world - both of which have been produced on both sides of the atlantic. Surely WHO doesn't need to be defended with such Little Englander sentiments?

I'm sure John's intentions were good but as Anthony Brown emphasised, it smacks of paranoia before the event. Also, why not take a look at QUANTUM LEAP some time — that can be witty and thought-provoking but it's not very English.

Ian Wheeler
Cumbria

Way back in 1989 *Radio Times* printed three letters expressing concern about the future of DOCTOR WHO. I was the author of one of those letters, the others were written by Alan Dobie and Simon Allen. Peter Cregeen responded by reassuring us that DOCTOR WHO definitely had a future.

Now it's 1994. Nearly half a decade has passed and after five years of rumours, disappointments and false alarms, DOCTOR WHO is set to return. And yet some people are still not satisfied. "The Britishness of DOCTOR WHO will be lost", they say. "The programme will only last two seasons at most."

It's time to stop complaining and get behind the series. The Americans have produced quality science fiction before — look at STAR TREK - THE NEXT GENERATION, DEEP SPACE NINE, PLANET OF THE APES and QUANTUM LEAP. We are on the verge of something very special. So shut up and enjoy it while it lasts.

David Stuart
Birmingham

Rumours in the press concerning possible candidates for the role of the Doctor in the Amblin production seem to have taken a turn for the better recently, after early speculation cited David Hasselhoff (!) as the hot favourite. Admittedly, Michael Crawford would not be a good choice. His talents as a stage performer are unquestionable, but this sort of casting would be all to reminiscent of JNT's disastrous "showbiz" approach to the show, which contributed so much to it's interminable decline. However, I personally feel that Richard O'Brien would make an excellent Doctor, assuming he played it straight, and not for laughs a la THE CRYSTAL MAZE. He conveys exactly the right mixture of spontaneity and eccentricity, and would be a considerable improvement on the insipid Sylvester McCoy. But if Amblin are looking for a British actor who has been successful on both sides of the Atlantic, then who better than David McCallum? Like most fans, I would prefer to see a purely British revival of the show, but if it's a choice between the Amblin production or the return of JNT's shambolic circus (or something of the same ilk), I would definitely choose the former.

Leigh Emerson
Middlesborough

As a member of the Doctor's Absolutely Fabulous Team (DAFT) I am writing to inform you of the campaign we are organising to force DOCTOR WHO to be made in the UK by a British company. The only choice that makes sense is for the programme to be produced with Joanna Lumley as the Doctor and Jennifer Saunders as her companion. The Team is planning to barrage the glossy women's magazines with a deluge of letters demanding that the BBC let Dawn French and Ruby Wax take control of the show.

RED DWARF rather than WHO

Ronny Greenberg
Glasgow

I read with interest Stephen Trump's comments in DWB124. Personally, I would rather see the BBC produce a further series of RED DWARF that was of a reasonable standard than another lacklustre season of DOCTOR WHO. This is not to say that I wouldn't like to see DOCTOR WHO back — but not as a substitute for RED DWARF. RED DWARF represents science fiction as much as DOCTOR WHO does - it just handles the genre in a different way. DOCTOR WHO is as different to RED DWARF as it is to STAR TREK, but nobody complains that one series is any less representative of the genre than the other. RED DWARF has rarely, except in some of its weaker episodes, resorted to actually sending up science-fiction as a genre — it is a comedy set in space. This, in my opinion, is what good comedy should be: productions that do attempt to send up science fiction as a genre usually fall flat on their faces (eg. the Mel Brooks film *Spaceballs*). RED DWARF is, in my opinion, an excellently produced series that occasionally contains a weak episode, just like any other programme on television. It deserves full coverage in DWB.

An Author Responds

Sam Mitchell
Wiltshire

Having played Marty Hopkirk for Derek Meddings on his recently published *21st Century Visions*, I'd like to thank Andrew Pixley for his very positive review of the book in DWB 124, and also to respond to some of his few criticisms.

Like Andrew, and most people I've talked to, Derek and I were very disappointed with the impressively inept cover inflicted on the book by Dragon's World which did nothing for their reputation, Derek's, or the designer's, and was not what we'd hoped for from a company with such a good track record in this department. This lack of editorial eye for presentation also resulted in the loss of impact of many of the pictures, the designer having been encouraged by the company to use the central block of text layout design. Combined with the type of binding chosen, this led to the problem Andrew described regarding visuals lost in the gutters and rather let down what was otherwise a high quality effort on Dragon's World's behalf - as did the poor cropping of some shots, and the use of a black and white centre spread shot on pages 108-109 (the intended shot can be seen on the front cover). Regarding Andrew's other main criticisms which concerned the text, these I can more directly answer, having been responsible for the direction taken with this aspect of the content.

Due to the deadline we were asked to work to by Dragon's World, the limitations put on the content by the picture to text balance they asked for, and also the layout design, we weren't able to go into as much depth as Derek - and I - would have liked. We also felt that the book should appeal to the widest possible readership, which meant a certain amount of repetition of information that more knowledgeable fans would be aware of. I personally would have loved to have been able to produce a book that was comparable to 'The Man Who Drew Tomorrow', which Andrew rightly praises for its superb depiction of life on the Eagle, but simply due to the limits on research time and text space mentioned above, and also because the AP/Century 21 operation was so much bigger, this unfortunately wasn't possible. Although he justifiably wanted to credit the contribution made by his team, Derek was also more interested in discussing their professional rather than personal qualities. This was echoed in the text, and perhaps did not help capture the working atmosphere at the studios, or individual personalities.

Regarding Andrew's comments concerning the absence of episode references in the captions, this certainly wasn't due to lack of knowledge or research. Apart from a few of the more obscure SUPERCAR and FIREBALL XL5, I would easily have been able to

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supply the information in question. I think the reason episode references weren't used in the captions was a question of style. Because Derek was more concerned with the creation of a particular sequence or effect, episode titles were rarely mentioned when the captions were discussed, and at the time didn't seem particularly relevant. But perhaps as Andrew suggests, they would have been helpful for readers who would not know the origin of certain pictures, but would like to compare them with their screen equivalents.

On a final note, as the owner of a disintegrating copy of one of the Japanese Town Mook guide books Andrew mentioned, perhaps I could also point out that unlike those books, which largely featured stills lifted directly from film frames, the great percentage of stills used in 21st Century Visions are from original negatives and 24 transparencies shot in the Sixties. Combined with the original artwork reproductions and Dragon's World's undoubted production values, I think the result has been visually a significant improvement on the Town Mook books, although it faces heavy competition from some of the more recent Japanese publications.

Once again, thanks for your positive reaction.

CHECK THE TVNZ VAULTS!

Peter J Kayne
Bucks

Nigel Windsor's letter (DWB 124) concerning missing episodes in the TVNZ archive prompted me to dig out the enclosed clipping (*below*). In a newspaper article dated November 1985, the Programme Traffic Manager of TVNZ confirmed that they have unspecified programmes in their archive which are known to be on the missing list.

Although the article was written some time ago, and there is no guarantee that the situation still exists, it does conflict with Nigel's claim that all programmes were destroyed or returned to the distributor. DOCTOR WHO was transmitted sporadically in New Zealand during the 60's and 70's. There was only one TV channel in existence over that period, which was operated by the forerunner to TVNZ. Known then as NZBC, they broadcast on a regional basis which required each episode to be shipped around the country for four separate screenings.

Several key serials were never shown, but those that were include the following (now incomplete) serials: *Marco Polo* (Nov 66); *The Reign of Terror* (Apr 68); *Galaxy Four* (Feb 69); *The Myth Makers* (Mar 69); *The Massacre* (Apr 69); *The Ark* (May 69); *The Celestial Toymaker* (Jun 69); *The Savages* (Jun 69); *The Smugglers* (Aug 69); *The Tenth Planet* (Sep 69); *Power of the Daleks* (Nov 69); *The Highlanders* (Dec 69); *The Underwater Menace* (Dec 69); *The Moonbase* (Jan 70); *The Macra Terror* (Feb 70); *Evil of the Daleks* (Jul 70); *The Abominable Snowmen* (Oct 70); *The Enemy of the World* (Jun 71); *The Web of Fear* (Jul 71); *The Wheel in Space* (Aug 71).

I was amused by Nigel's assertion that TVNZ is a "respected and efficient broadcaster". This is contrary to a large section of public opinion. At the time I left New Zealand in 1993, TVNZ was thoroughly obsessed with chasing advertising revenue and programming to the lowest common denominator.

It remains my opinion that, somewhere in the TVNZ archives, missing episodes may still be held.

Screen gems gathering dust

By PHILIP WAKEFIELD

Countless small screen treasures are sitting collecting dust in Avalon's video vault because nobody wants them.

There are thousands of titles in storage which don't have a home, or more to the point, a television screen, to go to.

As a result, they will either stay abandoned in limbo or be destroyed.

Cost

The programmes, some on video tape, others on film, are not the property of TVNZ, just the responsibility.

They belong to international distributors who don't think it is worth the cost, or the paperwork, to ship them back to the US or Britain.

Instead, they're content to all-load them on to their last port of call on the Asian circuit, namely New Zealand.

Lost

"We keep reading about programmes overseas that have been lost forever," says Avalon traffic manager Dave Skerrett, "and we know we've got the episodes sitting here."

However, TVNZ can not play any of them without clearing the copyright first, and in many cases this is just not possible.

While most of the prints are black and white, some of them have gone to air only in New Zealand, and are in near-perfect condition.

Heart

Still, they must be destroyed if that is the distributor's decree. "But there are times when we don't have the heart to do it," says Skerrett.

For instance, "we have a complete set of Hancocks, sitting here that we have never destroyed."

But continue to sit there they will because TVNZ can't screen them, the distributor doesn't want them, and the public can't buy them.

Calls

"We get one or two calls a week from people who have seen something and want to know if they can get hold of a print or a tape of it.

"I can only give them the distributors' name, and in most cases the distributor only has the television rights anyway, which are of no use (for private purchase)."

Because of space restrictions, every so often there has to be a clearing out of titles, either by putting a bandsaw through the films, or erasing the tapes and re-using them.

Godsend

"In the past couple of months we've probably destroyed quite a number."

Sometimes, however, as in TVNZ's silver jubilee month, it has been a godsend to have such a quantity of programmes on hand.

While copyright hassles mean they can't be played in their entirety, clips from "Mary Tyler Moore," "The High Chaparral," or "The Andy Griffith Show" can be used.

Otherwise, though, the likes of "Candid Camera," "Peyton Place," "Lassie," and "Captain Pugwash" are likely to languish without an audience forever.

20/11/85

Godsend

David Buck
Colchester

Steve Robert's letter in DWB124 revealed that some "lost" material still resides in the BBC archives.In addition I'd like to bring to his attention to the 53 second clip from OUT OF THE UNKNOWN - *Liar* (Tx:14/01/69). I discovered the clip after setting up my lost TV research group — it was broadcast as part of the LATE SHOW's tribute to Isaac Asimov in 1993, although they had it labelled as a 1965 production. The clip is in black and white, not colour as originally recorded, and appears to originate from a documentary, possibly the same one that contains the extract from OUT OF THE UNKNOWN - *Satisfaction Guaranteed*.The clip features the first discovery of robot RB34's telepathic powers, and although brief is very effective in representing the show.

Sci-Fi Channel Troubles...

Kelly Dommer
San Francisco

Like Andy McKinney, I wrote to the Sci-Fi channel to try and explain why their repeats of the first 27 Tom Baker stories were not the sort of innovative programming that would win the hearts of the American DOCTOR WHO fans. These are the same episodes that we have been watching since the early Eighties. Over and over. I also explained how, while a weekend of the Doctor was well appreciated, I don't think I know of a fan who hasn't seen *The Five Doctors* and K9 AND COMPANY ad nauseam, I watched them anyway... just to be supportive.

Later, when my subscription to the Sci-Fi Channel Magazine seemed to stop after two issues, I wrote to them again. After several more months I found a phone number and called. I spoke to a very nice woman who explained that she represented a company that had been contracted to produce the informational inserts for the magazine and, due to a contractual dispute, had broken off relations with the Sci-Fi Channel. She gave me the number for the USA network. I spoke to a very rude woman who transferred me to an answering machine for one of the station's executives. It informed me that the Sci-Fi Channel had made no money from the magazine (Oh, really?) and would not be giving refunds, but they were attempting to whip up some sort of substitute to fulfill the contractual obligation. I left a message about my coming address change and rang off.

Several more letters and phone calls later (the machine dutifully informed me time and time again that I would be receiving a call back...ha!) I received a postcard that essentially repeated the answering machine message. Later I was sent the Sci-Fi channel's idea of a replacement for the magazine that I had paid for. (It is important to remember that the Channel does not publish it's schedule and the only way to find out what might be showing, short of the magazine, is to call their $2 per minute phone line.) This replacement was a large folded colour pamphlet. I received a single issue of this marvel and then heard from them no more.

Later, I was persuaded to call a consumer rights organisation, the Better Bureau, by a gentleman who had, foolishly, joined the Sci-Fi Channel Fan Alliance and had been waiting some nine months for his admission package and, of course, his magazine. Ultimately, the BBB put enough pressure on the USA network that he was refunded his money...several months after he had supplied them with proof of payment and they had admitted that nothing had ever been sent. I have never received any further correspondence from the Sci-Fi Channel and, as the cost of using the BBB plus the long distance phone calls to New York had already totalled more than the cost of my $14 subscription, I decided to cut my losses and give in to the corporation.

Meanwhile, the network cancels DOCTOR WHO and THE INVADERS. They generally only show movies which have just been released on video. They run "Planetary Premiers" which are, in fact, low budget castoffs from inept production companies who couldn't get a theatrical release. And we are "treated" to endless reruns of BUCK ROGERS IN THE 24TH CENTURY. I'm not saying that there is nothing of worth of the Sci-Fi Channel. (They ran the new DARK SHADOWS, how could I?) I simply believe that it is run by a group of rip-off artists who don't give a damn about their viewers or telefantasy in general.

Mr. McKinney, for understandable reasons, suggests that the Sci-Fi Channel is the last hope for the American DOCTOR WHO fan, but let me counter with this. Since I moved to California, I have found an accessible public television station, San Jose, which has been showing the Doctor two nights a week for something like ten years (entire stories both nights!). They have also just finished a complete run of BLAKE'S 7 and they ran STAR COPS last year. Two months ago an entire evening was devoted to the first adventure of SAPPHIRE AND STEEL and they are promising a second run of SURVIVORS soon. Now, I'm not pointing this out to make any of my British or American friends jealous. I'm just saying that KTEH is not run by idiots, they are listening to the public. A demand for quality telefantasy has been voiced, and supported by pledged financial contributions, and the good people at this station have taken my $30 to heart. So, in answer to Mr. McKinney's question, PBS is still an extremely viable resource for us. Just demonstrate how much support the Doctor still has. Talk to them, I believe you'll get quite a better response than you ever will from the Sci-Fi Channel.

As far as I'm concerned, the Sci-Fi Channel will never represent me... as a DOCTOR WHO fan, as a lover of fantastic television, as anything. If it's the last hope for the Doctor in America, then, believe me, he is dead.

SKONNOS

issue nineteen

CHAP WITH CAPE, 5 YEARS RAPID
Vince Stadon takes a toad look at the Fortwee era.

ON GUILD
THE SANDOMITES, THE ARK, THE SPACE MUSEUM and *THE CHAMPIONERS* reviewed.

TINS TOONELS & STARFINLOG
Mark Benoy analyses each of the nine distinctive title-sequences used for the programme.

WAS IT WORTH THE WAIT?
We cast a critical eye over the 30th Anniversary fair dished up last November.

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© Robert Debney

Elisabeth Sladen

Interviewed by Robert Cope with Robert Debney at The Midland Hotel, Manchester (3rd April 1994)

WHAT made you want to perform when you were young? I saw your daughter, Sadie, performing some Pam Ayres poetry in Chicago...
Were you there? Oh my God.
She's obviously inherited your desire to perform...
She loves it, but then most little girls of eight would, and when people are being so nice to you you feel as though you want to say thank you.
Has she got the 'Bug' from you?
Well, we're not a very theatrical family at home, but her dad [*Brian Miller*] is an actor and I'm an actress. She hears it around the home, and it's really quite good for her to know that when we have to do things we've got to be on the spot, in the right place, and do as you are told — it's not a bad lesson to learn! It doesn't just happen at school.
Do you come from a theatrical family?
No, not at all, but I always wanted to act. From being a fairy at the bottom of the garden I just *always* wanted to act - I never wanted to do anything else! I went right through school, then my dad said, 'If you stay on in the lower school for a year, then you can try for drama school'. I was so naive, I just tried for drama school in Liverpool where I went on Saturdays to do dancing and a bit of acting.

I stayed there for two years and then moved on to the Liverpool Playhouse, which was wonderful. I got in as an acting assistant stage manager. I made the tea, some weeks I would do the books and props, and if you were lucky you got small parts (I think my first role was as a dead body in *The Physicist*!). Then I was very lucky because Tony Colgate, who was the assistant director there, got the directorship at the Library Theatre here in Manchester, and the parts got a bit bigger. I'd gone off to do rep in Farnham and Brian, my husband, was at the Malvern Festival, and by the time Tony wanted his company here in Manchester he chose the people that he'd already known in Liverpool plus some new ones.

I was taken off assistant stage managing here and given the most wonderful parts. Sadly Tony is dead now. We'd been at the Library three seasons and he died at the end, very tragic. I thought he was so wonderful. He put me with a director who brought me out as an actress. I didn't have to finish sentences - he actually made it too easy for me! In a way I was spoilt for afterwards. I didn't have to fight for anything. I often wonder what would be if he were alive today.

I played Desdemona in *Othello*, Mary Warren in *The Crucible*, Rita in *A Taste of Honey* — it was wonderful. I have a great affection for Manchester.
Why do you think such a lot of well known performers, particularly comedians, seem to come from Liverpool?
Liverpudlians do tend to have a great sense of humour. I don't really know why, I'd write a book on it if I did! They have the influence of Ireland I suppose. There is a great performing thing about Liverpool dockers as well...I don't know, it's just all performance. They're funny people, very good with one-liners. It's just a rich culture.
Perhaps it's to do with being a working class area and the need for escapism?
It's a very emotional place, Liverpool, because of the Irish contingent. There's a great deal of raw emotion. I've not been back for many years now because I have my family up in London, but there is a wealth of knowing what you want in Liverpool. People have hard lives everywhere but there is something very gritty about Liverpool. The great culture of words that the Irish have rubs off there and then it's condensed in a much more fractious and sharper way. If you ask someone to explain something from Ireland they'll have the softness and eloquence of words, and you can't miss that in Liverpool, although the Liverpudlians would not be sentimental about it.
Sorry to name-drop, but I once had a similar conversation with Ken Dodd, and he said he doubted he would have become so successful without that rich Liverpudlian culture behind him.
I think that possibly is true. That brings to mind my schooldays. One of our treats to each other at school with our girl friends was a trip to the Ken Dodd Show. We would never catch the last bus home because you could never get him off the stage, and we would sit there holding our sides with laughter! The sheer force and quickness of his act is stunning. When do you laugh like that now ? Very, very rarely.
He is one of the last connections with the great music hall and variety days.
That's right, he crosses the great divide.
Getting back to your career, at what point did you make the decision to move to London?
It was made for me because we did three seasons at Manchester, during which time Brian and I were married. What was so wonderful was that on a Sunday you would go over to Leeds to do radio for Alan Ayckbourn, Alfred Bradley, Henry Livings for *Northern Drift*, which was three-weekly rep. If you weren't doing a large part in the play that week, you would go to Granada to do a small part in CORONATION STREET or whatever. It was a wonderful centre and I suppose we were big cogs in a small wheel and we went around because people knew you by name. We came out of that to go to Scarborough to do three plays. The second, *How the Other Half Loves*, eventually went in to town and I played Fiona, a bitchy, menopausal lady. I played it when I was 22, and I hope I shall get the chance to play those sort of roles again now that I'm getting there myself! I did another season at Scarborough and Brian went to London with it, where it stayed for three years, so I obviously moved down to London and we got a flat there.

Coronation Street

I had to start all over again — I had never had an agent because I'd never been out of work. Someone had seen me in Manchester and said, 'If you ever come to London, get in touch with me', which I did and got me together with an agent. Then the little parts in television started to come up. I did six months in *The Philanthropist* with George Cole at the Mayfair Theatre, during which time I did a Z Ca. (Shortly afterwards I went to America and someone said, 'Oh, you were in *Zee Cars*!', and I thought Shit, I've never been in *Zee Cars*!

I didn't realise they were looking for a NEW DOCTOR WHO girl around that time. I think the story goes that they found someone they were initially keen on, but then decided she didn't suit. They hadn't consulted Jon about her, and for Jon's Doctor to work - he's very much the gentlemanly Doctor, shielding the chick under his cloak - he had to be a certain build to suit that image. She was quite a tall actress, and he just couldn't have a big girl beside him. The night before I got this call to go and see Barry Letts I was shooting an advert, and it started from there.

Rumour has it that Bill Slater recommended you to Barry Letts for the part.

I didn't know that. Wasn't Bill Slater the producer of Z CARS?

No, he was the Head of Series and Serials...

Then it must have been Ron Craddock. They were shouting down the corridor in desperation - because they'd seen a lot of people by then - 'Do you know anyone we can try?', and Ron Craddock shouted, 'Have you seen Lis Sladen?' (his and Barry's offices were feet apart). I think I was lucky because I'd done Z CARS playing a girl of sixteen, a Northumberland girl who was very naive with a thick, thick accent. They don't usually give you another part in Z CARS for quite a long time but I got another role soon after as an absolute scrubber from Liverpool, two very different roles back to back, so that's why Ron Craddock recommended me.

Was DOCTOR WHO something that you'd watched before?

I wasn't a fan that I couldn't miss an episode. Actually it was very interesting in that what I caught about DOCTOR WHO taught me how I should approach it. With DOCTOR WHO you filmed it all out of order, but I remembered from watching it that in half an hour each episode you had a beginning, a middle and an end. Someone might only watch it once so to give them their money's worth when they turn on you have to give them something of you at the present, not 'It's going to be wonderful in episode 3 so hang on for another couple of weeks' or whatever. It's like an advert; you've got thirty seconds and if you don't get the message across that's it. So I tried to do each episode as a beginning, a middle and an end. I was going to say I gave it all I'd got, but I saw some on video recently and I thought that I over-acted dreadfully. Oh, I would do it very differently now.

What does Sadie think of the episodes you're in?

She's very critical. Sadie's a great fan of Sophie Aldred. She's not seen very many of mine, only about four, because the BBC have not sent me many episodes. They did send me *Planet of Evil* which she's seen, which is nice because it's one of my favourites. I go one day a week as a helper at her school, doing whatever they need you to do. On one occasion I saw some of the kids playing DOCTOR WHO in the playground, and there was one little boy, Michael (not so little now) who couldn't believe it when Sadie told him. 'M...m...m...Mrs. Miller...a...a...are you really in DOCTOR WHO?' After it came out the teacher let me talk about it for one of the sessions, and I thought Christ, there's a whole new audience for DOCTOR WHO!

I had finished with the show years beforehand andI didn't realise it was still so popular. To me it was just a job. Long after I'd gone I thought it was bad manners to be seen at conventions here because there were new girls doing it, it wasn't proper. However, my episodes were still being seen in the States — they still are now — and I found I had all these new fans in America, so I would do the odd convention over there. That ended for me when Sadie was about nine months old — I just couldn't handle it anymore. I saw the same faces and I was getting stale telling the same stories. I tried to alter the stories and that's wrong. I'd had a good innings and I thought something new is happening in my life now. Then all of a sudden the radio programmes came along, and what with that plus Sadie saying 'What's it like at a convention, can I go to one'... I told her I didn't do them any more, but she said 'Please, please', and I sort of got back in, and I'm very I pleased that I did.

It must get tedious having to tell the same stories and answering the same questions over and over again.

The thing about acting, to me, and what I love in actors, is being taken by surprise. If I went along being the antitheses of what I felt it was about then it wasn't for me.

So Sadie really persuaded you to edge your way back into the circuit?

That was something at the back of my mind when I got the invite for the first Blue Box convention in 1993. I actually accept Blue Box before I knew we were going to do the radios and it fitted in beautifully because I was working on the radios when Blue Box was happening. I felt that I could be here and talk about new things and be a part of it.

There is a new audience out there and I think it's wonderful for children, I don't care what anyone says. There is a hero, good triumphs in the end and although children are precocious little monsters now - and that's fine because they are in this world and they have got to be of it - they still love make believe (and the blood that is really tomato sauce!). They need this reassurance, it's a hard world.

Did you see the BBC2 repeat of *Pyramids of Mars*?

Lis Sladen & Jon Pertwee pose as Sarah Jane Smith is introduced to the press (©Hulton Deutsch)

That is one of those we've got on video so we have seen it (that's Sadie's favourite). I didn't know that was on because the BBC sort of hid it away. My Dad is in an old folks home and he rang me up one Sunday lunchtime: 'Lis, you're on TV', and I said, 'No darling, it's not me', but he said, 'Yes you *are*, have a look', so I switched on and there I was. I was delighted!

One of your best performances in my opinion was in your final story, *The Hand of Fear*, particularly your emotional farewell scene.

That's very kind. Tom and I were allowed to re-write that scene to a certain degree, which was very good of them. I've seen it recently and I thought I overacted terribly, but never mind. Ian Marter I saw years later and he said, 'Christ, Sladen, I never knew you were so good...that was a bloody good scene'. I wish Ian were here now. I saw his wife recently and she had a lovely bit of news; her brother is a writer and he's heard that Peter O'Toole is going to play Doctor Who's father when it comes back (that has come to me second hand).

I didn't realise until I did the radio shows that the BBC don't own the rights to all the characters, only the Doctors and some of the assistants. They don't own UNIT for example...

Some old characters from the programme, including UNIT, are coming together this summer to take part in a fan-produced 50-minute drama spin-off called *Downtime*...

...which is why DOCTOR WHO's never been sold off as a whole before now — it is so difficult to get everyone to sell off their bits. I know nothing about the Steven Spielberg takeover bid (I've heard more today than I've heard for months!).

How different was it working with Tom Baker and Ian Marter compared the established UNIT team?

Jon was very welcoming, but he'd had a strong working relationship with Katy Manning and he didn't have Roger Delgado anymore who, besides being a good actor, was a very good friend of Jon's. I think it must have been equally strange for Jon as it was for me it. I think we were very lucky it gelled as it did, but I knew from day one that Jon was leaving at the end of that season. As it got towards the end Jon would physically separate himself. He would be writing his letters and signing his cards — that was how he dealt with it. I kept asking, 'Who is going to be the new Doctor, please tell me', and names were put forward, Ron Moody for one. I knew Ron because Brian had worked with him, and he told me afterwards, 'Oh, I was silly Lis, I should have done DOCTOR WHO'!

Can you remember your first impressions of Tom Baker the first time you met him?

I didn't know where I was! I'd seen Tom before because he'd come into the studio for *Planet of the Spiders* to do the regeneration scene, and it was just a case of Hello and get on with it. I thought to myself

Lis Sladen introduces the new Doctor, Tom Baker - 15th February 1974 (©Hulton Deutsch)

How can I help this man? because there was nothing for him to go on and he'd got other things on his mind because he knew he was taking over. I hoped that we could get on together, but it wasn't the right time or my place to say anything.

By the first story (*Robot*) Ian and Tom were very much together. I had to climb over this wall, and I remember poor Chris Barry, the director, said, 'That's awfully good, Lis, but can we have your face instead of your rear to camera ?' I was so embarrassed, especially as I didn't know Tom very well at that stage. But it just escalated into a very warm feeling working with Tom. Anything he said was never directed to put anyone or anything down. It was to make the show, to make him and to make you better. If there was a part in it where we were asked to do something he thought was naff, he'd say, 'Look, you can't make them do this. I am the Doctor and I wouldn't go around with people who were idiots. If you make them look silly then you make me look silly'. It's a wonderful philosophy and, for whatever reason, it worked, it was lovely. I have very fond memories.

Tom said on his Years tape that he dreaded you leaving...

He said to me, 'They'll probably couple me off with someone called Jonathan or Jessimee, some naff-sounding name. Why do you have to go?'

Why do you think you've gone on to become the most popular companion in the series' history?

I find that terribly embarrassing. I do, really.

You seem to inspire in fans the sort of reverie and adulation usually reserved for the Doctors themselves.

I love Sarah, I love her so much. She was my character, and I would hate that character to be played by anyone else, although you could say that we all played the same character, really, which we did! But I just loved it. It worked, it was mine and I love her dearly.

Concluded Next Issue...

QUESTIONS IN THE HOUSE...

Ten Years after it *didn't* happen, Nick Cooper reviews George Orwell's chilling novel 1984, and the classic BBC production...

"There will be no love, but the love of Big Brother. No laughter, but the laughter of triumph over a defeated enemy. No art, no science, no literature, no enjoyment; but always and only, Winston, there will be the thrill of power. If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face forever."

LATE IN 1953, following the success of Nigel Kneale's six-part serial *The Quatermass Experiment*, producer Rudolph Cartier was called into the office of Assistant Controller of BBC Television Cecil Madden. Interviewed by BBC2's THE LATE SHOW in 1990, Cartier recalled Madden's words: "I liked your science fiction very much. Would you like to do Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*?" From that single question was born what is arguably the greatest television production of the 1950s, if not the whole monochrome era.

When BBC Television began in 1936, the technology was primitive and audiences (restricted to London) were miniscule, with just 50,000 watching King George VI's coronation in May 1937. By the 1950s (the service closed down from 1939 to 1947 due to the War), set ownership and the transmission network had grown, but it took another coronation — that of Queen Elizabeth II on 2 June 1953 — to spur the public into a real interest in the medium. An estimated 1 million sets, increasing the existing number by 50%, were bought in the run-up to the event, which was watched by 20 million people.

Television drama was little more than "filmed" theatre, reflecting the fact that most producers (the modern roles of producer and director were combined) came from the stage, and were unfamiliar with the sort of audiences that television could attract. Rudolph Cartier was different. Born in Austria in 1908, he had worked in Berlin before the War, but moved to Britain when Hitler came to power. Cartier joined the BBC in 1952, the same year that Head of Drama Michael Barry spent his entire annual budget for commissioning new scripts (£250!) on Manx-born short-story writer Nigel Kneale.

Cartier and Kneale were the perfect combination, since the Austrian's cinematic scale of vision matched exactly the scope of Kneale's work. Also interviewed in 1990, Kneale observed: "I don't think many of the things I wrote then would have come to anything much in other hands. The more difficult and improbable it was, the more keen he was to do it. He was wonderful at pushing the whole project as far as it could go, to the point...where it almost couldn't happen at all, taking technical apparatus, and making it look as if it was doing more than it really was."

The Quatermass Experiment's tale of a British rocket returning to Earth with two of its crew mysteriously missing and the third possessed by an alien lifeform gripped the nation, with the finale on 22 August all the more shocking for being set in Westminster Abbey, scene of the recent Coronation. Like all drama at the time, it was transmitted live. The only form of programme preservation was telerecording, which involved a transmission monitor permanently set up in front of a modified 35mm film camera, and although introduced properly in 1947, even by 1954 recording quality was poor. The BBC had no obligation to maintain an archive except for their own use, so telerecording was used sparingly, especially since strict agreements with the talent unions dictated that most programmes could not be repeated.

Nineteen Eighty-Four was allocated a £3000 budget, which was high by the standards of the day, but Cartier still found it restrictive. Expected to use stock music, he insisted on commissioning John Hodgkis to compose an original score and conduct it during transmission from a second studio, at a cost of £300. Cartier recalled: "[It] was particularly difficult because it had so many sets — twenty-eight sets — and five or six film sequences which couldn't be shown in the studio. So we arranged that the film would come between the main sequences to give us time to move the artistes from one set to another, and...to move the cameras." Although he rose to the challenges, he did not regret the passing of live drama, "because it was a considerable strain on the artistes and the producer and on the whole studio; but it gave a particular little bit extra to the quality of the acting because the actors, knowing that it cannot be repeated, gave their best." The play was to be performed twice, first on Sunday 12th December 1954, and again the following Thursday. Interviewed in 1988, Peter Cushing (cast by Cartier in the lead role of Winston Smith) recalled: "The BBC moguls felt that it would be more fair to the technicians if they recorded the second transmission, which would give them time not to get cameras or mikes or things into the shots," although he considered his performance was better the first time...

IN 1984 London is the chief city of Airstrip One, frontline province of the totalitarian state of Oceania in its constant war against Eurasia. Oceania is ruled by the (mythical) dictator Big Brother; below him are the elite of the Inner Party, and then come the masses of the Outer Party. At the very bottom are the Proles. Sex between Party Members is only allowed within State sanctioned marriage. Rebellion against the State is met with absolute ruthlessness by the dreaded Ministry of Love and its Thought Police. Mental dissent — Thought Crime — is illegal, and readily detectable because Party Members are under constant surveillance by the Telescreens — two-way television devices in every room, work place, corridor, and street. Thought Criminals vanish without explanation - sometimes reappearing at show trials months later, before being executed - and become "un-persons," with all trace of their existence being expunged from the records. It is the aim of the Party to compress and limit the scope of the English language — and therefore thought — through the introduction of the truncated Newspeak. Eventually, Thought Crime will be literally impossible because there will be no words to express it.

A member of the Outer Party, Winston Smith works in the Ministry of Truth, routinely altering history in accordance with changing Party views and new events. Unable to accept this, he has become a Thought Criminal, having started to keep an illicit personal diary. He knows no other rebels, although he suspects Inner Party Member O'Brien (Andre Morrell on excellent form) is one. He has also at-

tracted the attention of Julia Dixon (Yvonne Mitchel), who works in the department producing pornography for Prole consumption. Fearing she will denounce him to the Thought Police, Winston decides to kill her, especially after she follows him when he visits the junk shop in the Prole sector where he bought the book he uses for his diary.

Julia injures herself at work, and while passing Winston on her way to the sickbay, she slips him a note which reads simply "I love you". They arrange a clandestine meeting in the country — away from Telescreens and listening devices — and embark upon a sexual relationship which no doubt seemed pretty shocking in 1954. Winston rents a room above the junk shop from its owner, Mr Charrington (Leonard Sachs). There are no Telescreens in the Prole sector, so they can meet in safety, but while they accept that they will eventually be captured and tortured, they vow never to stop loving each other. Meanwhile, O'Brien has indicated to Winston a common anti-Party attitude (by obliquely referring to an un-person), and invites him to his home, ostensibly to borrow a copy of the latest Newspeak dictionary.

Visiting O'Brien, Winston and Julia are enrolled into 'The Brotherhood' of Thought Criminals led by the arch-traitor Emmanuel Goldstein (blatantly based on Leon Trotsky and perfectly portrayed by Arnold Diamond). While together at the junk shop, Winston and Julia are horrified when a painting on the wall falls away to reveal a hidden Telescreen. The Thought Police break in and, when Charrington appears with them, Winston realises he is their agent.

At the Ministry of Love, Winston is confronted by O'Brien — also an agent of the Thought Police — who supervises his torture. The Party wants not information, but rather Winston's obedience to it and Big Brother. When all methods fail, he is taken to Room 101, where prisoners face "the worst thing in the world," which — in Winston's case — is rats. O'Brien shows him a cage, containing two starving sewer rats, attached to a mask which will fit over his head. When the door of the cage is opened, the rodents will leap forwards and devour his face. Dragged towards the cage, the terrified Winston screams: "Do it to Julia, not me! Don't care what you do to her! It's Julia! Not me!"

Three months later, the broken and haggard Winston is awaiting his fate, passing his time in the Chestnut Tree Cafe, a place reserved for condemned dissidents. Julia visits him and both frankly confess to having betrayed their love. They now feel nothing for each other. After she leaves, Winston listens to a bulletin on the Telescreen, which tells of the defeat of the Eurasian forces in North Africa, thanks to Big Brother's military genius. As the cheering of the crowds outside grows, Winston's thoughts are heard in voiceover: "Love... suddenly... so suddenly. My victory. Love, love, love... I love Big Brother..."

THE RESPONSE of *The Times* the next day was guarded, comparing the play to the original: "Concentrating on the action...reduced the ideological explanation so drastically that it robbed the story of half its power. What we saw was not so much Orwell's vision as a pictorial simplification of it," although, "The vividness with which many parts of it came through would, perhaps, have pleased the author. The two-minutes' Hate was, for instance, a wonderfully riotous orgy of vindictiveness. Mr Peter Cushing made a touching broken hero of Winston Smith, and Miss Yvonne Mitchell did well in bringing to life the girl whom the sight of the torturer's rats forces him to deny. Mr Andre Morrell as O'Brien...had just the right tone of controlled fanaticism."

The reaction of others was not so academic. A motion was tabled in Parliament by five Tory MPs deploring, "the tendency, evident in recent BBC television programmes, notably on Sunday evenings, to pander to sexual and sadistic tastes." An amendment by five Labour members and one Conservative would make the motion deplore, "the tendency of honourable members to attack the courage and enterprise of the BBC in presenting plays capable of appreciation by adult minds, on Sunday evenings and other occasions." A second amendment would have added to the original: "but is thankful that freedom of the individual still permits viewers to switch off and...will soon permit a switch-over to be made to more appropriate programmes." Finally, a second motion, tabled by six Tory MPs, applauded, "the sincere attempts of the BBC to bring home to the British people the logical and soul-destroying consequences of the surrender of their freedom", and that "many of the unhuman practices depicted in the play...are already in common use under totalitarian regimes." Some things never change...

A *Times* editorial on the Thursday replied to the above with a sympathy for the BBC uncommon today: "The BBC alone should be responsible for its programmes...it is to be hoped that as a result of all the fuss in the newspapers and elsewhere there will be an even larger audience for tonight's repeat performance than might otherwise have been gathered. If anything had been needed to underline the tremendous possibilities of television the reactions of the last few days have provided it. Orwell's novel has been in circulation for five years. It has been widely read and made many thinking people uncomfortable. Yet until last Sunday's broadcast it could be said that [its] impact...on the British public has been only marginal. Despite their use hundreds of times in newspapers, such phrases as 'totalitarianism,' 'brain-washing,' and the Communist practice of making words stand on their heads have for millions of people taken on new meaning. The BBC is to be congratulated for its courage."

The repeat went ahead after Prince Philip commented: "The Queen and I watched the play and thoroughly enjoyed it," and attracted the highest audience since the Coronation, although Cartier at one point still needed bodyguards: "Two tough guys hired by the BBC who said 'You stick to Mr Cartier and don't let anyone come near him,' because there were very threatening phone calls to the BBC. Everybody thought this was a pro-Communist, anti-Fascist subject."

Compared to other surviving BBC productions from the same time, the play is vastly superior to *The Quatermass Experiment*, both in the scope of the production and its execution, yet 1955's *Quatermass II* marked a noticeable downward trend. Only *Quatermass and the Pit* can be judged superior to *Nineteen Eighty-Four* in a technical sense, although it comes close in the shock stakes as well (operating, as it does, on a different level).

As with the QUATERMASS serials and *The Creature*, a film version of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was made in 1955. Reflecting American backing, Edmund O'Brien was cast as an overweight Winston Smith, with Jan Sterling a glamorous blonde Julia, and the film was made with two different endings. For the American market, the original storyline was followed, while British audiences saw Winston and Julia reject their brainwashing and die in a hail of bullets! Unsurprisingly, Orwell's estate was unimpressed and blocked any subsequent re-issue of the film.

In 1965, BBC Home Radio tackled the book as a 90-minute play on 11 October, with Patrick Troughton and Sylvia Syms in the leads, and it received quietly praising reviews. *The Listener* remarked: "The dramatization was well done by Eric Ewens, and Patrick Troughton and Sylvia Syms played excellently the victims of the hideous totalitarian machine. If Orwell is to be remembered by *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, such a performance is a worthy complement to the book."

BBC2 rounded off its THEATRE 625 - *The World of George Orwell* series of adaptations on 28 November the same year with a remake of the 1954 play, with amendments by Kneale to "update" it. Interviewed in 1986, the writer remembered: "It was a skilful version, but for me the acting was much less good." Indeed, the remake is largely dismissed, perhaps because no copy exists in the BBC Archives. At the time, however, critical reaction was hardly damning, with Mary Crozier in *The Guardian* commenting that it was, "immensely hard and gripping, and David Buck was excellent as Winston Smith. All the clever details came out sharply, and the nightmare effect of the men in white coats and the torture scenes was flawlessly achieved."

In July 1977, BBC2 began a season of repeats to celebrate the Queen's Silver Jubilee. Chosen as representative of 1954 was the original Cartier/Kneale play, the only televised repeat since the actual recorded performance.

In 1984 itself, the play was screened at the National Film Theatre, alongside the 1954 film, on the very day that Winston began his diary with the words *"April 4th, 1984. Last night to the flicks..."*. The initially stunned reaction of the audience was followed by an ovation, but there was to be no televised repeat. Richard Branson's Virgin Films, in association with Chicago lawyer Marvin Rosenblum, had set to work producing the "definitive" cinema version, whilst actively suppressing all others (rather than obtain the film rights from Orwell's widow, Rosenblum had bought all media rights to the book in 1981). The new version, directed by Michael Radford, is an accurate adaptation of the novel, but it is so much so that it often become bogged down in the literature. Trying to cram everything into two hours, Radford trims and curtails scenes so that they are near meaningless to anyone unfamiliar with the novel. Characters bear little resemblance to their original models, while the brutality and grimness of the film transcends anything Orwell envisaged.

While John Hurt, Richard Burton and (to a lesser extent) Susanna Hamilton were perfectly cast as Winston, O'Brien and Julia, some of the supporting actors don't do as good a job as their 1954 counterparts. (Cyril Cusack's performance as a shifty and suspect Charrington is so blatant that he may as well have "I am an agent of the Thought Police" tattooed on his forehead - a marked contrast to Leonard Sachs' deceptively engaging and gentle portrayal making his "un-masking" all the more shocking). Similarly, Gregor Fisher plays Winston's over-zealous neighbour, Parsons, as on the verge of a nervous breakdown, while Campbell Gray was far more realistic thirty years before. At the last minute, and against Radford's wishes, the producers replaced most of Dominic Muldowney's excellent neo-classical score with totally inappropriate music by the Eurythmics. Radford denounced the film at that year's BAFTA Awards ceremony, yet the video release of the film retains the offending music (although Channel Four screened the version with the original score in 1989).

When the BBC celebrated 50 Years of Television in 1986, permission to show the 1954 play was refused by Virgin Films on the grounds that it could "affect their profits." In recent years clips have resurfaced in a number of documentaries, while the NFT organised a screening to conclude a major retrospective of Cartier's work in 1990. The copyright on Orwell's works runs out in the year 2000, after which the BBC will be free to transmit — or release on video — the 1954 play. Six years may not seem so long to wait now, and considering how well the play has weathered the first forty, I doubt it will disappoint the small but discerning audience it will then attract.

Nick Cooper

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1984
Versis Peace
Freedom is Slavery
Ignorance is Strength

BLAKE'S 7 Series Survey (Part Two)

Clear favourites - Vila & Avon (Michael Keating & Paul Darrow)

Favourite Regular Character

		P:	M:
1 (1)	Kerr Avon (Paul Darrow)	749	311
2 (2)	Vila Restal (Michael Keating)	479	256
3 (4)	Servalan (Jacqueline Pearce)	176	138
4 (3)	Roj Blake (Gareth Thomas)	128	142
5 (5)	Cally (Jan Chappell)	42	116
	Travis (Stephen Grief)	15	16
6	Zen (Peter Tuddenham)	14	10
7	Orac (Peter Tuddenham)	14	34
	Arco Trent (Peter Childs)	*-3*	*1*
8	Jenna Stannis (Sally Knyvette)	-66	42
	Travis (Brian Croucher)	-87	49
9 (5)	Travis	-102	108
10	Slave (Peter Tuddenham)	-126	65
11 (4)	Dayna Mellanby (Josette Simon)	-178	121
12 (3)	Del Tarrant (Steven Pacey)	-238	130
13 (2)	Olag Gan (David Jackson)	-250	126
14 (1)	Soolin (Glynis Barber)	-324	179

P:Points, with mentions as least favourite subtracted from mentions as favourite. M: Total number of mentions.

Note: Bracketed positions indicate top five in favourite & least favourite polls in DWB97.

Soolin (Glynis Barber) - few fans

"This is about as surprising as something which isn't surprising at all." (DWB97). Avon wins by a mile again, and Soolin takes last place (perhaps a fifth season might have made her good points clear?). Positions remain almost unchanged from last time, with Servalan's rise over Blake perhaps inevitable when one considers that the last poll was conducted just as his last episodes were released on video...

Favourite Actor

1	Paul Darrow (Avon)	127	139
2	Jacqueline Pearce (Servalan)	50	60
3	Michael Keating (Vila)	45	51
4	Gareth Thomas (Blake)	34	40
5	Stephen Grief (Travis I)	21	21
6	Peter Tuddenham (Zen/Orac/Slave)	0	4
7	Jan Chappell (Cally)	-6	18
8	Sally Knyvette (Jenna)	-14	18
9	Josette Simon (Dayna)	-16	18
10	David Jackson (Gan)	-17	17
11	Steven Pacey (Tarrant)	-27	35
12	Brian Croucher (Travis II)	-54	64
13	Glynis Barber (Soolin)	-68	72

And no surprises here either. Brian Croucher's reputation remains low, and Stephen Grief retains his fans. More interesting perhaps is the below zero rating of Jan Chappell, and the continued disdain of fans for Steven Pacey...

Favourite Guest Star

1	Colin Baker (Bayban, *City...*)	50	69
2	Roy Kinnear (Keiller, *Gold*)	34	46
3	John Savident (Egrorian, *Orbit*/Samor, *Trial*)	27	33
4	Aubrey Woods (Krantor, *Gambit*)	12	18
5	Geoffrey Burridge (Dorian, *Rescue*)	9	15
6	Julian Glover (Kayn, *Breakdown*)	7	7
7	Paul Daneman (Bellfriar, *Killer*)	6	6
8	David Collings (Deva, *Blake*)	5	7
9	Lorna Heilborn ('Sula', *Rumours...*)	5	5
10	Peter Miles (Rontane, *Seek Locate Destroy/Trial*)	5	5
	Carol Hawkins (Kerril, *City...*)	4	6
	Glyn Owen (Leylan, *Space Fall/Cygnus Alpha*)	4	4
	Scott Fredericks (Carnell, *Weapon*)	3	5
	Denis Carey (Docholli, *Gambit*)	3	3
	Kevin Stoney (Joban, *Hostage*/Ardus, *Animals*)	2	2
	Stephen Yardley (Reeve, *Sand*)	2	2
	Stratford Johns (Belkov, *Games*)	1	13
	Richard Hurndall (Nebrox, *Assassin*)	1	3
	Derek Farr (Ensor, *Orac*)	1	3
	Larry Noble (Pinder, *Orbit*)	1	1
	John Bennett (Coser, *Weapon*)	1	1
	Leslie Schofield (Raiker, *Space Fall*)	1	1
	Peter Childs (Arco, *Cygnus Alpha*)	1	1
	Candace Glendinning (*Weapon*)	1	1
	Victoria Fairbrother (Thania, *Trial*)	1	1
	Valentine Dyall (Noel, *City...*)	1	1
	Sabina Franklin (Chesil, *Moloch*)	1	1
	Tom Chadbon (Grant, *Countdown*)	0	6
	Deep Roy (The Klute, *Gambit*)	-1	1
	Alan Lake (Chel, *Aftermath*)	-1	1
	Glynis Barber (Mutoid, *P. Avalon*)	-1	1
	Miles Fothergill (Novara, *The Web*)	-1	1
	Harriet Philpin (Alta, *Redemption*)	-1	1
	Barbara Shelley (Plaxton, *Stardrive*)	-1	1
	William Squire (Kommisar, *Horizon*)	-1	1
	Gill McCutcheon (Kostos, *Terminal*)	-1	1
	Damien Thomas (Atlan, *Stardrive*)	-1	1
	Lindy Alexander (Ralli, *Countdown*)	-1	1
	Paul Grist (Cevedic, *Gambit*)	-1	1
	Jane Sherwin (Kasabi, *Pressure Point*)	-1	1
	Judy Buxton (Inga, *Hostage*)	-1	1
	James Muir (Phibian, *Orac*)	-1	1
	James Coyle (Molok, *Hostage*)	-1	1
	Kate Coleridge (Levett, *Mission to Destiny*)	-1	1
	John Bryans (Bercol, *Seek-Locate-Destroy/Trial*; Shrinker, *Rumours of Death*)	-1	1
	Peter Westbrook (Muller, *Headhunter*)	-1	1
	John Leeson (Pasco, *Mission to Destiny*, Toise, *Gambit*)	-1	1
	Richard Beale (Saymon, *The Web*)	-1	1
	Richard Franklin (Officer, *Aftermath*)	-1	1
	Arthur Hewlett (Old Man, *Keeper*)	-1	1
	Sam Dastor (Caliph, *Dawn-Gods*)	-1	1
	Prentis Hancock (Never in BLAKE'S 7!)	-1	1
	Dicken Ashworth (Gunn Sar, *Power*)	-1	3
9	Julia Vidler (Avalon, *Project Avalon*, Barr, *Powerplay*)	-2	2
9	Rick James (Chalsa, *Warlord*)	-2	2
9	Michael Gough (Hower, *Volcano*)	-2	2
9	Darien Angadi (Ro, *Horizon*)	-2	2
9	Karl Howman (Bek, *Shadow*)	-2	6
9	TP McKenna (Sarkoff, *Bounty*)	-2	8
8	Bruce Purchase (Gola, *The Keeper*)	-4	6
7	Roy Boyd (Zukan, *Warlord*)	-5	7
6	Lynda Bellingham (Vena, *Headhunter*)	-6	6
5	Andrew Burt (Jarvik, *The Harvest of Kairos*)	-7	13
4	Brian Blessed (Vargas, *Cygnus Alpha*)	-8	40
3	Bobbie Brown (Zeeona, *Warlord*)	-13	13
2	Peter Byrne (Justin, *Animals*)	-14	16
1	Caroline Holdaway (Piri, *Assassin*)	-21	21

John Savident (who came second in both 'Best' and 'Worst' listings last time) appears to have won over his critics... Colin Baker storms to the top, closely followed by Roy Kinnear, proving the popularity of barn-storming comic villainy with an edge among BLAKE'S 7 fans. Brian Blessed's more serious OTT villainy proves less popular.

As might be expected, a number of guests stars from the later seasons benefit (or suffer) from their video debut, with Caroline Holdaway's performance in *Assassin* winning her no fans...

Favourite 'Alien'

1 (3)	Andromedans (*Star One*)	37	39
2 (1)	Decimas (*The Web*)	33	59
3 (2)	Cally	22	26
4 (13)	Psychic vampire (*Sand*)	12	12
5 (9)	Auronar	10	12
6 (9)	Moondiscs (*Shadow*)	9	9
7 (—)	Resurrected alien (*Sarcophagus*)	7	7
8 (—)	Muller's Android (*Headhunter*)	5	7
9 (13)	The Klute (*Gambit*)	5	5
10 (6)	Mutoids	4	8
	Dorian's Gestalt (*Rescue*)	4	8
	Zen	3	5
	Orac	3	3
	Altas (*Redemption*)	2	6

The second favourite alien...

	Sinofar (*Duel*)	2	2
	Bayban (*City at the Edge...*)	2	2
	Terminal bacteria (*Terminal*)	2	2
	Terminal snakes (*Rescue*)	1	1
	Clone Masters (*Weapon*)	1	1
	Sopron (*The Harvest of Kairos*)	1	1
	Seska (*Power*)	1	1
	Saymon (*The Web*)	-1	3
	Zukan/Zondawlians (*Warlord*)	-1	3
	Amagons (*Bounty*)	-2	2
	Goths (*The Keeper*)	-2	2
	Assassins (*Time Squad*)	-2	4
10	Hommicks (*Power*)	-3	5
9 (—)	Thaarn (*Dawn of the Gods*)	-4	6
8 (1)	Phibians (*Orac*)	-5	7
7 (5)	Ultra (*Ultraworld*)	-5	19
6 (2)	Zil (*Trial*)	-6	20
5 (9)	Links (*Terminal*)	-8	10
4 (5)	Space Rats (*Stardrive*)	-14	20
3 (3)	Moloch (*Moloch*)	-24	28
2 (11)	Animals (*Animals*)	-34	38
1 (5)	Kairopan Insect (*Harvest of Kairos*)	-35	37

Notable here is the high placing of 'concept' aliens such as the Moondiscs, the Decimas and the Sand, and the low placing of 'dangerous monsters' such as the Phibians and the Kairopan spider. It seems we can forgive dodgy costumes in one, but not the other... The exception being the highly controversial Zil. Otherwise, a difficult category for many people, who suggested villains (eg: Space Rats, Zukan, Bayban) rather than aliens. But storming to the top, of course, we have the Andromedans — who combined a disturbing concept and horrific visuals in a manner rare in BLAKE'S 7.

Favourite Writer

1	Chris Boucher (*Star One...*)	158	(79.01%)	162
2	Robert Holmes (*Orbit...*)	44	(74.72%)	48
3	Terry Nation (*Terminal...*)	41	(74.74%)	68
4	Tanith Lee (*Sarcophagus...*)	8	(77.83%)	24
	Colin Davis (*Gold*)	0	(76.64%)	0
	Bill Lyons (*Games*)	0	(68.38%)	0
7	Rod Beacham (*Assassin*)	-3	(66.33%)	3
6	Simon Masters (*Warlord*)	-5	(56.06%)	5
5	Trevor Hoyle (*Ultraworld*)	-6	(51.30%)	6
4	Roger Parkes (*Headhunter...*)	-7	(64.40%)	7
3	James Follett (*Stardrive...*)	-31	(42.65%)	31
2	Ben Steed (*Power...*)	-35	(53.60%)	35
1	Allan Prior (*Animals...*)	-122	(46.48%)	124

% - Average ratings of author's episodes in poll.

The placings here correspond closely to the average rating of each author's stories in the main poll...so we seem to be consistent here! It's interesting to note how few writers made the grade on BLAKE'S 7 — it does appear to be the case that only Boucher, Holmes, Nation and Lee really understood it...

Favourite Director

1	Vere Lorrimer (*Aftermath...*)	45	(65.51%)	81
2	Mary Ridge (*Terminal...*)	36	(67.67%)	93
3	David Maloney (*Star One...*)	22	(61.01%)	22
4	Michael E Briant (*The Web...*)	21	(68.60%)	27
5	Fiona Cumming (*Sarcophagus*)	14	(77.83%)	20
	Douglas Camfield (*Duel...*)	12	(72.93%)	14
	George Spenton Foster (*Gambit...*)	5	(74.18%)	15
	Derek Martinus (*Trial...*)	2	(61.46%)	8
	Brian Lighthill (*Gold, Orbit*)	0	(80.01%)	10
	Andrew Morgan (*Children of Auron*)	0	(72.69%)	0
	Vivienne Cozens (*Games, Sand*)	-1	(73.29%)	5
	Jonathan Wright Miller (*Shadow, Horizon*)	-2	(63.18%)	4
5	Gerald Blake (*Deathwatch...*)	-7	(65.73%)	7
4	Viktors Ritelis (*Warlord*)	-11	(56.06%)	13
3	David Sullivan Proudfoot (*Traitor, Stardrive*)	-23	(56.45%)	23
2	Pennant Roberts (*Bounty...*)	-30	(59.73%)	38
1	Desmond McCarthy (*Dawn of the Gods...*)	-34	(43.01%)	34

Less consistency here, with Brian Lighthill, the series' best director according to the main poll attracting as many brickbats as bouquets! But Desmond McCarthy's final place seems well earned. It would seem that fans are willing to forgive the regular directors their occasional failures — except when their name is Pennant Roberts!

Favourite Season

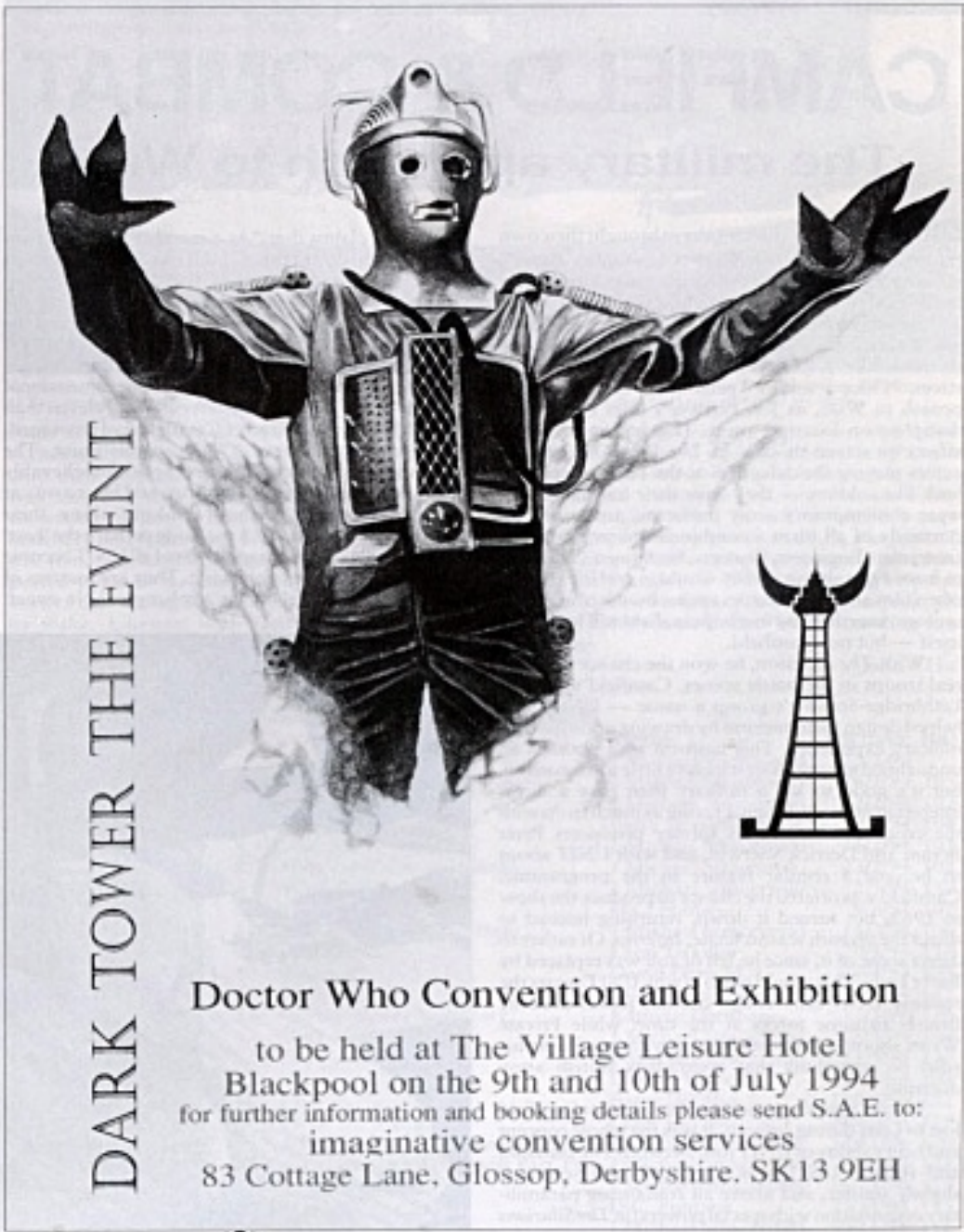
1	Season Two	50	(67.35%)	124
2	Season Three	40	(67.51%)	154
3	Season One	-14	(65.09%)	132
4	Season Four	-44	(65.31%)	166

Season four still takes last place by a mile, despite the apparent rehabilitation of its episodes (which contrary to last issue's comment, actually average slightly higher than those of season one!). But it's by no means unanimous, as a careful inspection of the figures shows that every season has both fans and detractors...

And a final note... There was one NEW ADVENTURES author who said his favourite actor was 'Jackie', his favourite character was 'Jackie', his favourite writer was 'Jackie', his favourite director 'Jackie', his favourite season... Jacqueline Pearce, you have a fan!

"Oh Gareth! You're such a fool..."

Anthony Brown


DARK TOWER THE EVENT
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UNIT in action - The Invasion (©BBC Video)

CAMFIELD & COMBAT

The military approach to WHO

DIFFERENT directors have brought their own trademarks to DOCTOR WHO: Christopher Barry's monster P.O.Vs., Michael Briant's crash zooms, and in the case of Douglas Camfield, military realism.

Someone once said "Once you've been a soldier, you'll always be a soldier" meaning you'd continue to think like a trooper long after rejoining civvy street. "Once a soldier" personifies Camfield's approach to WHO, as Jon Pertwee's tales of military discipline on location attest. This had more direct effects on screen though. In *The Web Of Fear*, the actors playing the defenders at the Fortress actually look like soldiers — they have their hair cut short, wear contemporary army uniforms, and most importantly of all form a combined military unit. Infantrymen, Engineers, Pioneers, Signalmen... all come to form a gestalt just as they would in real life. All too often film and TV directors stick a bunch of actors in uniform together and just hope realism will look after itself — but not Camfield.

With *The Invasion*, he won the chance to direct real troops in the battle scenes. Camfield also gave Lethbridge-Stewart's group a name — UNIT, and helped design their uniform by drawing upon his own military experience. This uniform isn't perhaps an unqualified success since it looks a little too futuristic, but it's good to see a military man take a direct interest in military design. Having as much to do with the creation of UNIT as former producers Peter Bryant and Derrick Sherwin, and with UNIT about to become a regular feature in the programme, Camfield was offered the chance to produce the show in 1969, but turned it down, returning instead to direct the seventh season finale, *Inferno*. Or rather to direct some of it, since he fell ill and was replaced by Barry Letts. This would explain why UNIT wears the realistic DPM camouflage combat jacket used by British airborne forces at the time, while Private Wyatt shoots a Primord down...without aiming his rifle! — something that contradicts British army doctrine.

It wasn't just the position of director that Camfield lost to Letts during *Inferno*. It was the whole concept and believability of UNIT too. Between *The Invasion* and *Inferno* UNIT was presented as a secretive, slightly sinister, and above all *convincing* paramilitary organisation with special powers (in *The Silurians* the Doctor claims that "As a member of UNIT I am authorised to do anything"). All this ends instantly as of *Terror of the Autons*, as the Brigadier's group becomes the killing-alien-monsters division of the army, under the authority of the Government and the various Whitehall bureaucrats seen in *The Claws Of Axos* and *The Green Death*. Equally, Lethbridge-Stewart is more often presented as a one dimensional Colonel Blimp between seasons eight and eleven than as the Mad Mitch character Camfield had envisaged. Army reality also went AWOL at this point. The troops wear tatty olive fatigues, sport unbelievably long hair complete with sideburns, and blast away at invading monsters without looking along their gunsights (*The Claws Of Axos* being perhaps the 'best' such example), and perhaps worst of all UNIT become too self reliant to be convincing. They are masters of every military discipline. Fly a helicopter? No sweat. Subdue a villain with karate? Piece of cake. Blow up a coalmine? Can do it with my eyes closed! UNIT is no longer the realistic armed force Camfield intended. They're something out of the pages of *Valiant* or *Commando*. A bunch of comic strip warriors.

Maybe this isn't a valid criticism, since the comic strip antics of UNIT mirror the whole feel of the Letts/Dicks/Pertwee years, and this era, unlike the early UNIT serials, proved a massive hit with the public. But it's still frustrating to see Camfield's concept abandoned so lightly.

After an absence of several years, Camfield returned to the series for *Terror of the Zygons*. With the exception of a change of uniform nothing was done to extend or reinvent the taskforce, since both Hinchcliffe and Holmes had decided that UNIT had had its day. Camfield returned once more for *The Seeds of Doom*, his last contribution to the programme and one which would have been an appropriate conclusion for UNIT as well, despite the absence of the familiar officers.

But in 1989 JNT and Andrew Cartmel brought back the taskforce one more time. Militarily, *Battlefield* is far worse than anything which had come before. Anachronisms abound: Troopers salute NCO's, a female officer is addressed as Sir (not Ma'am), berets are worn the wrong way round and we witness the unlikely scenario of East European troops (still Communist in the 1990s, to judge by their cap badges!) escorting a nuclear convoy round Britain. It would seem that military correctness has been sacrificed to political correctness, something Camfield would never have allowed.

All this might seem very small fry compared to the imaginative direction, excellent cast performances and skilful evocation of body horror for which Camfield is best remembered, as 99.9% of viewers won't notice whether a trooper's beret is worn correctly or not. But, as journalist Granville Wilson once said... "Perhaps only one reader in a thousand will notice the difference. But if the reader is moved to exclaim: 'This fellow really knows what he's writing about,' then the effort will have been worthwhile."

As an ex-soldier myself I can honestly say that Camfield's meticulous concern for military accuracy was indeed worthwhile. In fact his soldiers are often more convincing than those seen in big budget army dramas such as Civvies! And the fact that he went to such trouble to paint an accurate picture of fighting men suggests that he saw DOCTOR WHO as something more than a mere kiddies show.

In August 1991 Derrick Sherwin revealed that he was trying to set up a TV show featuring the further adventures of UNIT. But without the attention of a perfectionist such as Douglas Camfield to oversee those tiny points that only 0.1% will notice, such a programme could only fail to create an air of reality.

Theo Robertson

Douglas Camfield on the sándro gallery for Inferno

BABYLON 5

BABYLON 5, the series which promised to revolutionise television science fiction, comes to Channel Four on May 9. John S Hall asks how well the series has lived up to its claims...

HAS BABYLON 5 lived up to its hype so far? It depends who you ask. And if you're asking me, I say yes. Obviously it's a bit too soon to judge an entire show on the basis of only eight episodes - in many ways, DEEP SPACE NINE has yet to find itself, for example, and just look back at THE NEXT GENERATION's first season now - but these eight episodes are a refreshing change from STAR TREK.

Perhaps I do BABYLON 5 a disservice by even mentioning Star Trek within this review, but as an American telefantasy viewer, how can I not? And while I obviously love my TREK, it is good to see another SF series which doesn't depend on Gene Roddenberry's creation. Far grittier than DS9, BABYLON 5 lacks transporters, replicators, dilithium crystals, phasers, and a Prime Directive. Earth Central is their equivalent of Starfleet, and it's far from perfect. In short, the BABYLON 5 universe is far from perfect, and prejudice is unfortunately alive and well in this 23rd century - but it's great drama to watch!

I'm the first to admit that special effects do not a series make, but one cannot help but be impressed by Foundation Imaging's Video Toaster-generated wonders. The Emmy-award-winning effects of *The Gathering* looked a bit too clean and crisp in comparison to the grungy interiors, but they've been fine-tuned for the weekly shows. And I can appreciate the scientific research that's clearly gone into the series. Although the Starfury fighters look very much like *Star Wars*' X-wing fighters, they manoeuvre like ships in a zero-gravity situation would, unlike *Star Wars*' gently banking X-wings! This is most apparent in *And The Sky Full Of Stars*, when two operatives force Sinclair to relive the Battle of The Line, watching his friends die as the nautiloid-like Minbari cruisers quickly pick them off, one by one.

Granted, *Midnight on the Firing Line* was not the strongest episode to debut a series with, but it's one of the few BABYLON 5 instalments to feature most of its large cast. Also, it definitely reinforced the idea of an ever-tenuous peace between the five "superpowers" of the year 2258. Pity it had to focus on the not-very interesting Centauri characters.

So far I find the BABYLON 5 aliens quite convincing, and entertaining; as Ambassador G'Kar says in one episode, "Nobody here is what they seem." While G'Kar, ably played by Andreas Katsulas, is frequently the villain of the piece, he does have a (rarely seen) soft side. Although the Centauri representatives, Londo Mollari and Vir Cotto, frequently come across as drunken buffoons, Londo's pathos occasionally shines through. Admittedly silly looking with their perpetual bad hairdos, the Centauri are well aware of their declining status in the galaxy, something frequently masked by their apparent debauchery and hedonism. The Vorlons and Minbari still remain refreshing enigmas. Kosh has only appeared twice so far, and much like Guinan, every answer concerning Kosh only raises several more in its wake. Likewise with Delenn, who might be Sinclair's greatest ally, or his worst enemy.

From a fan point of view, it's good to see that BABYLON 5 isn't ignoring its continuity, but it does take the show quite a while to address itself in this regard. Since the show's still in its infancy, I'm willing to overlook a plot thread or two that seem very similar to Classic TREK, as well as Sinclair's occasional ability to talk an enemy to death, a la James T. Kirk. As long as BABYLON 5 never stoops to rehashing a SPACE 1999 script (like TNG's recent *Genesis* did), then I'm content to wait as J. Michael Straczynski and company slowly unfold their ever-expanding saga before me.

John S Hall

Garibaldi (Jerry Doyle), Ivanova (Claudia Christian), Londo (Peter Jurasik), Delenn (Mira Furlan), Talia Winters (Andrea Thompson), G'Kar (Andreas Katsulas), Dr Franklin (Richard Biggs) & (seated) Commdr Sinclair (Michael O'Hare) - © Warner Brothers

Season One: Signs and Portents

		Writer	US date:	No:
	The Gathering	J Michael Straczynski	22/2/93	
1	*Midnight on the Firing Line*	J Michael Straczynski	26/1/94	103
2	*Soul Hunter*	J Michael Straczynski	2/2/94	102
3	*Born to the Purple*	Larry DiTillio	9/2/94	104
4	*Infection*	J Michael Straczynski	16/2/94	101
5	*The Parliament of Dreams*	J Michael Straczynski	23/2/94	108
6	*Mind War*	J Michael Straczynski	2/3/94	110
7	*The War Prayer*	D.C. Fontana	9/3/94	107
8	*And The Sky Full Of Stars*	J Michael Straczynski	16/3/94	106
9	*Deathwalker*	Larry DiTillio	20/4/94	113
10	*Believers*	David Gerrold	27/4/94	105
11	*Survivors*	Mark Scott Zicree	4/5/94	111
12	*By Any Means Necessary*	Kathyrn Drennan	11/5/94	116
13	*Signs and Portents*	J Michael Straczynski	18/5/94	114
14	*The Quality of Mercy*	J Michael Straczynski	25/5/94	117
15	*Grail*	Christy Marx	12/10/94	109
16	*Eyes*	Larry DiTillio	19/10/94	122
17	*TKO*	Larry DiTillio	26/10/94	119
18	*A Voice in the Wilderness* Part One	J Michael Straczynski	2/11/94	120
19	*A Voice in the Wilderness* Part Two	J Michael Straczynski	9/11/94	121
20	*Babylon Squared*	J Michael Straczynski	16/11/94	118
21	*Legacies*	D.C. Fontana	23/11/94	115
22	*Chrysalis*	J Michael Straczynski	30/11/93	112

STAR TREK DEEP SPACE NINE

17) **Playing God** 5th March 1994

TELEPLAY BY JIM TROMBETTA AND MICHAEL PILLER; STORY BY JIM TROMBETTA; DIRECTOR DAVID LIVINGSTON; MUSIC DENNIS MCCARTHY; VISUAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR GARY HUTZEL

A little more insight into the nature of Trills as a "joined" species is in store, along with more Curzon stories.

Jadzia Dax is about to serve as field docent for her first trill initiate - her first as Jadzia, that is. Curzon Dax was legendary in the program that prepares host candidates for putting them through hell and then recommending they be barred from receiving symbionts. The new arrival is an earnest young man named Arjin, who explains to Bashir that selection is far from certain even if one succeeds in the program. Each year 5,000 qualify and there are only 300 symbionts available.

Arjin's first shock comes when he finds his new mentor playing Tongo with a bunch of Ferengi's, and winning. Having heard all the stories about Curzon, he is very nervous about how he should relate to Jadzia, but she insists that he has nothing to fear. She has no intention of making him uncomfortable.

The most uncomfortable person on DS9 is O'Brien, who is trying to root out a number of Cardassian voles who have begun to infest the power conduits. The rat-like creatures are a leftover from the occupation and seem to be drawn to electro magnetic fields. Unfortunately, they also chew through power lines and other equipment.

Dax decides to take Arjin on a brief trip through the wormhole and tries to make him relax by telling him that she herself had been assigned to Dax for her field experience and afterward he had recommended that she be terminated from the program. Their conversation is interrupted by a collision with a subspace interface pocket. There seems to be no damage but Dax notices that something is adhering to one of the nacelles and their power is rapidly draining away.

They barely make it back to DS9 under their own power. Dax wants the mysterious substance placed in a containment field in the lab for further study while she takes Arjin to dinner at her favourite Klingon restaurant, where she sings along with the chef. All of this seems far too boisterous for the reserved initiate. Dax gets him to tell her that becoming joined was his father's dream, which his sister was supposed to fulfil. But she ran away to get married so he has taken her place. Dax later confides to Sisko that she doubts Arjin has any idea what he would do with a symbiont.

The subspace material in the lab gains freedom from the containment field thanks to a vole meddling with the controls and Dax's space "seaweed" rapidly expands to fill up much of the lab. While Dax has Arjin assist her in trying to study this phenomenon, she reveals her doubts about his suitability and he feels betrayed. In a burst of anger, he tells her that he has never met anyone whose behaviour was so far below the standards set for hosts as is hers.

After detailed examination, Dax tells the rest of the staff that the material in the lab is highly structured. In fact, it is a proto-universe in the earliest stages of development and will continue to expand at intervals of a few hours. Furthermore, it is displacing our own universe each time it grows. In three hours it will take out a bulkhead. And they cannot contain it without destroying it.

The problem becomes much more acute when Dax detects possible indications of life in the proto-universe. Kira sees no difficulty in protecting themselves by destroying this threat, but Dax and Odo are insistent that it would be wrong to wipe out possibly intelligent life. But with 5 hours it will blow a hole in the hull and by tomorrow the whole station will be gone...

Once again Curzon seems to have been considerably more colourful — if unpleasant — than his successor as host for Dax. The subspace proto-universe subplot makes little sense, especially in the manner in which it is resolved. Geoffrey Blake is suitably uptight and arrogant as Arjin. Ron Taylor appears for a second time as the bombastic owner/chef of the Promenade's Klingon cafe. He has joined the list of men smitten with Jadzia. Richard Poe appears as her wrestling coach.(5)

18) **Profit and Loss** 26th March 1994

WRITTEN BY FILIP KOBLER & CINDY MARCUS; DIRECTOR ROBERT WEIMER; MUSIC JAY CHATTAWAY; VISUAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR GLEN NEUFELD

Quark stories have been rather scarce this season but he's back and in love — again.

A disabled Cardassian ship is towed into dock. There are three people aboard, Professor Natima Lang and two of her students. She is very vague as to why three Cardassians are near DS9 and O'Brien soon tells Sisko that her story that the ship was damaged in a meteor storm is obviously false.

Sisko offers them the hospitality of the station while O'Brien sees if their ship can be repaired. They inevitably find themselves near Quark's bar. Odo is watching the Ferengi for any sign that he is trying to sell an illegal cloaking device. Doctor Bashir is having lunch with his mysterious friend Garak, the only Cardassian who lives on DS9 and a presumed spy. Quark loses all interest in talking to Odo as soon as he sees the visitors - in fact, he rushes up to Natima and gets slapped in the face. Still, he proclaims this to be the happiest day of his life and insists on getting drinks.

Odo is immediately curious as to how well Quark knows this woman. Quark says that she was on the space station as a correspondent of the Cardassian information service before Odo's time - and that he was the love of her life. Although seven years have passed, he tells Natima that she is as beautiful as ever. Garak also seems to recognise her and this makes the three Cardassians uneasy. They did not think there were any Cardassians here. The two students explain that Natima now teaches political ethics and that her teaching will change the future of Cardassia.

When O'Brien confronts her with proof that their ship was hit by Cardassian disruptor fire, she says that Cardassians do not involve outsiders in internal politics. She wants to get her students to safety before they are killed as leaders of a movement that believes the future should not be in the hands of the military.

Quark goes to see Garak in his tailor's shop, where they discuss fashion. Garak shows him a dress that he says is the latest style on Cardassia, although he finds it too radical. He tells Quark he would be surprised how detrimental a poor choice of fashion can be. Quark warns him that anyone trying to harm Natima will have to deal with him, but Garak asks what will be do - short change them?

Quark goes to see Natima in her quarters to offer his help. He wants to repay her for saving his life when she discovered he was illegally selling food to Bajorans but did not turn him in to Cardassian authorities. Natima is rather bitter about that memory. She had admired Quark, thinking him to be a brave man of honour and entered into a torrid affair with the Ferengi, only to feel betrayed when she discovered he had used her access codes to steal money from her employers.

Quark insists he merely saw a chance for profit and took it. He says that he will go away with her if he must to prove his love, giving the bar away to Rom. She says he may believe that now but in the end he will still only care about himself.

The situation becomes more complicated when a Cardassian warship arrives and powers up its weapons. Garak appears in Ops and suggests it is time to talk. He says that the two students are terrorists that the Cardassian government wants returned home. Sisko asks if he really expects a Bajoran station to turn over Cardassian refugees.

Quark becomes frantic to save Natima and separates the students for a talk. He knows they are devoted to her and offers them a chance to escape using the small cloaking device he has if they will repay him by convincing her to stay behind. They agree that her life should not have to be ruined because of their crimes. But Natima learns about his arrangement and refuses to stay with him, drawing a disruptor when he will not go away...

Actually this becomes something of a Garak episode as well, as the writers begin to reveal more about this enigmatic character — perhaps ruining him in the process. This is the first time it is made absolutely clear that he is a spy, and also an outcast. The Quark romance encountered heavy criticism that it seemed to make the Ferengi all too human rather than allowing him to be true to the established alien character.

Mary Crosby is certainly the most attractive Cardassian woman we have seen, but we have seen only two so far. The idea that she and Quark could dissolve into lust at any moment is a bit hard to contemplate. Heidi Swedberg and Michael Riley Burke are her coltish students. Andrew Robinson turns in another compelling performance as Garak, who will be seen at least once more this season.(6)

Dr Bashir (Siddig El Fadil) - Rivals (©Paramount)

19) **Blood Oath** 2nd April 1994

TELESTORY AND TELEPLAY BY PETER ALLAN FIELDS; DIRECTOR WINRICH KOLBE; MUSIC DENNIS MCCARTHY; VISUAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR GARY HUTZEL

Three classic series Klingons return. But will they settle that burning question of why the Klingons look different in the movies and TNG?

Quark needs Odo's assistance to deal with an unruly Klingon customer who has spent all afternoon in the holosuite fighting some old battle between Klingons and Romulans and won't come out until he wins. He only paid for an hour and Quark would like him removed, but that can be dangerous with an armed Klingon.

Fortunately, the Klingon is at least 100 years old and very drunk. Odo puts him into a cell to sober up but is soon startled by the abrupt appearance of another elderly Klingon - but this one is very proud and very sober. He announces he is Koloth and he is looking for Kor. He intends to extract his friend from jail but is so disgusted when he sees him that he storms off muttering that he insults their purpose.

Dax is immediately interested when Odo relates his tale of mad Klingons to Kira. She recognises the names and goes to see Kor immediately. He was a great friend of Curzon's and stakes some convincing that his "beloved old friend" is now this young woman. They in turn look for Koloth, who is horrified. He says that Kang must not have known since he arranged for all of them to meet here in order to enlist Dax's help. The three Klingons and Curzon Dax made a blood oath over 80 years ago, and the time has come to act upon that oath by killing a mercenary known as The Albino.

When Kang arrives he is even more resistant to accepting Jadzia Dax than Koloth. Curzon has been godfather to his son, which is why the Trill diplomat had taken the oath to revenge the boy's death. Kang contemptuously says Jadzia is no one's godfather.

Still, he explains to the other three how he has finally tracked down their enemy. He met one of the Albino's cast off wives seven years ago and helped her. She was too afraid to tell him anything but recently died. A few days later an amulet she wore was delivered to him, containing the location of The Albino's secret compound.

After talking to traders who deliver supplies to the base, Kang is convinced there are only 40 guards to deal with. Dax warns that the traders may be paid to give false information. Kang brushes her objections aside in his determination to cut out the Albino's heart. Kang confirms that he did not know about Curzon's death and hopes he died honourably. Still, he knows that each new Trill host has no obligation to past commitments. Dax points out that a Klingon Blood Oath is unbreakable but Kang says times are changing everything and she is released.

Kira is startled when Dax asks her how many people she has killed and what it was like. It is not something that the former resistance fighter likes to talk about but she is even more concerned to know why Dax should be asking such questions. Dax explains that 80 years ago The Albino was raiding Klingon colonies and three ships were sent to stop him. The Albino himself escaped and promised to take revenge on the first born of each ships' captain. A few years later all three children were killed by a genetic virus.

Kira thinks the Klingons are trying to force her to keep the oath but she explains that they have released her - she feels that she owes it to Curzon. Kira warns that when you take a life you lose part of your own as well.

Dax rather easily persuades Kor that she should go with them but he says neither of the other two will let her. She finds Koloth practising with the bat'leth in the holosuites and challenges him when he says her presence will jeopardise all of them. She eventually loses but only after a fight that pushes him to the limit. Koloth now consents but Kang still refuses to let her come with them until she says he is forcing her to live with dishonour...

Original series veterans John Colicos, Michael Ansara and William Campbell reprise the roles of Kor, Kang and Koloth as a sort of geriatric three musketeers, although Colicos seems to slip into Falstaff occasionally. Kang is all morose revenge, Kor overindulges in the pleasures of Quark's and Koloth is more primly honourable than Worf. The makeup department wrote paid to all those elaborate theories that explained why the later Klingons look different by reference to genetic mutations, Klingon/human fusions and what have you. They do not look a thing like their former incarnations and are largely recognizable by voice alone.

All three guest roles are quite large and extremely well played, reducing the regular cast to a few cameos except for Dax. The idea that either Curzon or Jadzia would willingly participate in such an oath lacks credibility, but that does not detract from the fun.

Bill Bolender is the viscious Albino, with Christoper Collins as his henchman.(8)

STAR TREK THE NEXT GENERATION

18|**Eye of the Beholder** 5th March 1994

Teleplay by Rene Echevarria; Story by Brannon Braga; Director Cliff Bole; Music Jay Chattaway; Visual Effects Supervisor David Stipes

Batten the hatches as the writing staff has its fun for several weeks of very odd doings. Worf and Troi have been getting closer this year, haven't they?

The Enterprise is suddenly threatened by an unexplained loss of power in the containment field protecting the plasma stream. The ship goes to red alert and may have to jettison the warp core. Riker leads an emergency team to the nacelle and finds that the controls have been locked into a dangerous configuration by a crewman who then climbed up on a walkway facing the force field. He seems to be thinking about jumping into the plasma stream. Riker tries to get the young Lieutenant to come down and talk to him, but Dan Kwan says, "I know what I have to do," and leaps to his death.

Troi reports that the man's crew evaluations were excellent and he had seemed in a very positive mood recently. Picard is stung by the first apparent case of suicide under his command and orders Worf and Deanna to investigate the dead officer's logs and quarters for an notes or clues which might help them piece together his last few days.

Data (Brent Spiner), Worf (Michael Dorn) & Laforge (Levar Burton)- Gambit 1 (©Paramount)

They find nothing to suggest depression — in fact, Kwan seemed to be just entering into a relationship with Ensign Calloway, a medical technician, and was looking forward to seeing her when he came off duty. Calloway is stunned and mystified. The only problem she was aware of was some discomfort with his new superior officer - Kwan had just been promoted to the nacelle crew and was trying too hard to impress her. She also says he was very sensitive to other people's moods, which Troi attributes to the fact that Kwan was half Napian. Napians are partially empathic.

Troi decides to talk to the superior officer and visits her on duty in the nacelle. She learns little other than that Kwan was a most promising officer who had worked on the Enterprise when the ship was under construction at the Utopia Planitia yards. For lack of anything else to try, Troi tries duplicating Kwan's climb to the catwalk and becomes ill.

An examination by Dr. Crusher reveals no organic cause, yet she was overwhelmed by a sudden flood of emotions. The Doctor orders her to rest before returning to the nacelle. Worf visits her in her quarters to discuss their investigations and wonders if she could have somehow experienced emotions persisting after Kwan's death. As their conversation becomes more personal, the Klingon becomes nervous and tells her she should rest.

Worf himself goes to Ten Forward for a drink and spots Commander Riker with an attractive young Lieutenant. When Riker comes to the bar for drinks, Worf attempts to find out if Riker is involved with this woman, and stumbles on about not wishing to ever come between the commander and someone he was involved with. The amused Riker tells him he sounds like a man asking his friend if he can start dating his sister, and Worf does not enlighten him further.

The next morning, Worf and Troi go to the nacelle together to duplicate what happened to her. When she reaches the catwalk this time she notices a closed panel and asks Worf to open it for a quick look. The Counsellor suddenly sees faces — a woman screaming and a man starring at her. As she looks around, she no longer stands in the completed nacelle chamber but in a half-built compartment at Utopia Planitia. When she climbs down from the walkway, she sees a man and woman kissing in the corridor and they laugh at her.

Worf shakes her out of this vision and the staff has a meeting to discuss her experience. Troi thinks she may have been seeing real events that happened in the control room eight years ago, but she is not sure whose eyes she was seeing them through. One of the faces she saw seemed familiar and a scan of crew records finds an engineering officer who served at the shipyards with Kwan. Troi thinks she saw his face in her "vision," but Lieutenant Pierce denies that anything unusual happened at the Martian facility.

Both Worf and Troi feel Pierce is lying but they don't know how to prove it. They decide to get a fresh start in the morning but Worf finds he cannot say goodnight to her this time and kisses her instead. He is still there for breakfast and does not seem concerned about Riker anymore...

The possibility of a Worf/Troi match has been played with several times this season and there is more to come, although Marina Sirtis complains that it is very hard to kiss someone wearing Klingon teeth. However, it is well to remember that the writing staff is more prone to teasing when it comes to crew relationships than they are to delivering.

Beyond that relationship — and another rather unappealing glimpse of Number One pursuing a different lovely of the week — the suicide mystery is not very absorbing. Tim Lounibos is the late Lt. Kwan, Johanna McCloy is Calloway and Mark Rolston is Pierce.(5)

19|**Genesis** 26th March 1994

Written by Brannon Braga; Director Gates McFadden; Music Dennis McCarthy; Visual Effects Supervisor Michael Backauskas

We reach the nadir (hopefully?) of the writing staff's desire to get playful in the last season. Mr. Braga has a jolly time laughing up his sleeve at the characters and the credulity of the audience. Abandon hope all ye who enter here.

Doctor Crusher has some unusual problems in sickbay. Commander Riker rolled over onto a cactus while involved in amorous pursuits in the arboretum, and Reg Barclay has been tormenting himself with the starfleet medical database. She has warned the hypochondriac engineer before to leave the diagnosis to her. He is convinced he has the symptoms of a rare and terrible disease. And Data arrives with his pregnant cat, Spot, who is nearly ready to deliver her kittens.

Barclay proves to be the most difficult patient. He seems disappointed to learn that he only has a mild case of the flu. However, Crusher does find that he lacks the natural immunity that most humans have to the strain he has picked up due to a dormant T cell in his DNA. She gives him an injection of a synthetic T cell to activate his own defence system.

Things are rather boring elsewhere on the ship. They have entered an asteroid belt to test some new weapons systems and improvements. Worf is eager to display a new guidance system he has installed on the photon torpedoes, but is humiliated when one goes offcourse while the Captain is watching a demonstration. Worse yet, the self-destruct does not work and it is out of range of the phasers by that time.

Since the Enterprise is too large to follow the runaway into the field, Picard quickly takes the opportunity to assign himself and Data the task of tracking the torpedo down in a shuttlecraft to destroy it, even though that could take several days. The Captain's absence at least gives Worf a chance to determine what went wrong, but he becomes more and more foul tempered as he fails to locate the problem. Finally Riker orders him to take a break and leave the bridge in peace.

Deanna was supposed to be meeting Worf for lunch and is rather insulted to find him already tearing into a large mound of unsavoury food without her. She herself can't seem to get enough water today and orders a double helping of caviar for lunch. Riker's problems are not dietary - he is becoming forgetful and indecisive, whereas Barclay is a hyperactive bundle of energy eager to tackle any problem.

Deanna finds it impossible to stay warm and goes to soak in a warm tub. Worf finds her there and, muttering "I have to be near you," bites her on the side of the face, drawing blood. Both of them end up in sickbay, to the dismay of Doctor Crusher. She cannot keep Deanna's body temperature normal and she seems to have some sort of poison in her system from the bite. When she examines Worf, she notices some sort of sac has formed on his neck. When she makes him open his mouth, he sprays venom into her face, blinding her.

Nurse Ogawa manages to get Beverly into stasis before she is paralysed by the venom, which also acts like an acid on the skin. The doctor will need reconstructive surgery. But Nurse Ogawa is beginning to rest her hands on her knuckles

and walks oddly.

Picard and Data return from their shuttle mission to find the Enterprise adrift, power fluctuating randomly and the crew lifesigns strangely distorted. After managing a manual docking their first attempts to access systems indicate the computers and main powers lines are all down. More disturbingly, they see no signs of the crew, but the corridors echo with strange animal-like noises.

They find themselves near Troi's quarters and force the door open. The humidity and temperature are high. They find Deanna, or what is left of her, face down in the tub. She is becoming an amphibian creature. Data reports that the tricorder shows her DNA is in flux and the cells are mutating. She also has bites which contain Klingon DNA.

The bridge is empty save for a dead body that seems to show claw marks. Data finds this man's DNA was only in the initial stages of change when he died. In all, Data detects 1011 lifeforms exhibiting genetic flux, many of them clustering in the arboretum and the aquatic labs. They find Riker in the ready room, but he has become a primitive hominid with a much reduced brain capacity. He is incapable of understanding their language and becomes violent until incapacitated.

Data theorizes that the crew is de-evolving. He detects some sort of T-cell activity which is activating the latent introns all humanoids carry. These are inactive repositories of outdated genetic codes. And he must tell Picard that he too has been infected now and is starting to gradually change. The android speculates that within two days the Captain will probably become some sort of lemur or pigmy marmoset...

I assume that it took every bit of that RSC training for Patrick Stewart to deliver a line about deciding on a plan before he begins "swinging through the ship looking for breakfast." Then they decide Deanna's injuries are love bites from Worf and try to hide her from him. And so it goes. Everybody gets cured over the last commercial break, including the Doctor.

Obviously, the big question raised by this story is, how did Spot get pregnant? Or, perhaps, how can Braga be stopped before striking again? Data tells Barclay that he does not know who the father is. There are 12 male felines on board ship and she has escaped from his quarters several times.

Dwight Schultz returns as Lieutenant Barclay for the fifth time but has little to do after the opening scenes except for one highly manipulative devolved shot. He seems to be visiting Bill Shatner's hairdresser these days if his new hairline is any clue.(2)

20|**Journey's End** 2nd April 1994

WRITTEN BY RONALD D. MOORE; DIRECTOR COREY ALLEN; MUSIC JAY CHATTAWAY; VISUAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR DAVID STIPES

Wil Wheaton finally returns for a story featuring the one time boy genius, Wesley Crusher. He did not appear last season at all and has campaigned to return as a regular character this season. Instead we get an unexpected conclusion to Wesley's Starfleet career.

A layover at a starbase allows Wesley Crusher to come aboard for a visit on leave from the Academy. His mother is innocently pleased to have him "home" for a while and at first does not notice how withdrawn her son is. Picard is preoccupied with his own problems. The ship is here so that he can meet with Fleet Admiral Nacheyev.

He is quite aware that they have not been on the best of terms, nor is she liked by Riker and the rest of the crew after assigning their captain to an ill-fated mission against the Cardassians and leaving them Captain Jellicoe (Chains of Command). She had also roundly chastised Picard's handling of Hugh Borg (Descent I).

The Admiral makes a visible effort to respond to Picard's overtures and they attempt to establish a fragile cordiality which is almost immediately threatened by her orders. The Federation Council and the Cardassians have concluded a long series of negotiations to resolve their border disputes. They have agreed to accept a new border and to surround that with a demilitarised zone.

Picard quickly sees that the new line puts some Cardassian colonies in Federation territory and several Federation colonies in Cardassian space. The Admiral notes that the negotiations were difficult, but now that an agreement has been reached it will be necessary for these colonies to relocate. Picard's mission will be to relocate the colony on Dorvan 5, which he recalls is settled by descendants of North American Indian tribes who left Earth over 200 years ago to preserve their cultural heritage.

He is disturbed by historical parallels to the displacement of these peoples on Earth, but the Admiral says they have only been on Dorvan 5 for 20 years and were warned that it was disputed territory. She appreciates his distaste for this task and says she can find someone else to command the Enterprise for this mission if he prefers.

Geordi has been eager to show Wesley a new plasma relay he has been working on, but when he finally gets Wesley to take a look at it he is shocked that his former student rips his work to shreds with a scathing critique of its inadequacies.

Picard is hopeful that the Indian tribes will agree to leave the planet, but a meeting with the elders soon dispels any ideas that this will be easy. They tell him that finding another similar environment will not do. They chose this place because it holds deep spiritual significance for them and they are not prepared to leave. They adjourn for a day and Picard hosts a reception on the ship for the council.

Beverly is angry with Wesley when she learns about the incident with Geordi but he tells her he is tired of living up to everyone else's expectations. When he attends the reception, one of the tribal leaders approaches him and says that he has known that Wesley was coming to them for the past two years. He saw Wesley while he was on a vision quest and knows he has come to find the answers he seeks.

Beverly goes to Jean-Luc the next day seeking help. She has talked to the Commandant of the Academy and has found out that Wesley has begun to display the same sullen attitude in his classes and could actually wash out in his last semester. The Captain thinks the young man needs time to sort things out on his own.

Wesley has decided to do that by beaming down to the village for another talk with the man who claims he saw him in a vision. He goes to the kiva with the Indian and enters into his own vision quest. Wesley sees his father, who tells him he must find a path that is truly his own instead of following his father's dream...

So from *Spaceship of the Apes* to *Dances with Wesley*, or is it that 1968 William Shatner epic, *White Comanche*? It seems an odd outcome for the boy who saved the ship and idolized Captain Picard, but it does seem to eliminate any possibility that Wesley could be one of the regular cast members of STAR TREK: VOYAGER. Although it may leave open the possibility of guest appearances. There is a Voyager connection, however, as one of the crew is supposed to be an Indian from just such a colony as this. Maybe Wesley sold him his old Academy books and notes.

Is Wesley now a Time Lord, or perhaps a Tomorrow Person? Ask Eric Menyuk, who appears for the third time as the Traveler. Doug Wert cameos once again as the long dead Jack Crusher. Tom Jackson and Ned Romero are Indian Leaders. Natalija Nogulich appears again as the usually frosty Admiral. She has a decidedly more glamorous and politically correct outlook this time - leading one to wonder if she has heard that they want a female lead for VOYAGER.(7)

Kathleen Toth

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The Tomorrow People

The Culex Experiment/Monsoon Man

WHEN I was asked to review "the last season of THE TOMORROW PEOPLE", I was slightly thrown; was there really that much interest in the excruciatingly dreadful *War of the Empires*? Of course, I quickly realized that what was meant was the 1994 series and not the Seventies original, but the point I'm trying to make is that I find it difficult to connect the two programmes. The name THE TOMORROW PEOPLE, for me, and I suspect for many others, conjures up images of all the worst fashion excesses of the Seventies, a budget which made contemporary WHO look like *Jurassic Park*, and increasingly dafter and dafter scripts performed by actors who were either too good for the show (and hence showed up all its deficiencies), or, more usually, made one wonder how they ever managed to qualify for an Equity card. I loved the series then, and love it even more in retrospect, but its charm arises out of its bad points, whereas I liked *The Culex Experiment* and *Monsoon Man* because they were actually good!

The old and the new series both have an equally silly if appealing premise (kids with special powers repeatedly saving the world), with the difference lying in their execution. Of course in 1994 the production is all on film, with state of the art computer effects giving it a slick, smooth and expensive feel. But this difference is merely superficial; the 1992 episodes were equally well-polished, and yet were still almost as bad as the original series. Where the recent episodes really score is with their scripts, and although the stories in themselves were no more preposterous than any that Roger Price came up with, they were plotted so much better. Price always showed a misplaced reliance on childish slapstick set-pieces which forever served to undermine the drama. The 1992 episodes are a particular case in point: again and again we were subjected either to various Tomorrow People being dunked in the sea, or to Kevin terrorized by maniacal bus conductors - utterly puerile escapades which failed miserably to pad out a flagging story that was otherwise trying to be taken seriously! The end result was an unhappy mish-mash of styles which failed to satisfy. Lee Pressman and Grant Cathro, on the other hand, appear to have had their tongues firmly in their cheeks right from start to finish, producing two scripts which were consistently wacky and genuinely witty, imbued with an eccentric verve which, at its best, was reminiscent of THE AVENGERS (or perhaps "THE AVENGERS meets *The Famous Five*"!).

All the plot trappings for a classic, camp AVENGERS episode were there: mad scientists or megalomaniacal businessmen with nutty "Nothing can stop me now!" masterplans; English eccentrics; villainous double acts; innocuous country houses hiding fiendish, secret laboratories; and so on. Even the stories' central ideas themselves had AVENGERS parallels: in *Small Game for Big Hunters*, the villains have bred a new strain of tsetse fly to act as a carrier for a particularly deep form of sleeping sickness; while in *A Surfeit of H_2O* Steed and Mrs Peel confront a scientist with a rain-making machine. But the greatest AVENGERS parallel lies in the camp self-awareness of it all: the actors knew that their characters were clichés and played up to those clichés with accordingly OTT exuberance. Thus Jean Marsh in *The Culex Experiment* gave an unnaturally deliberate and over-emphasised delivery, which in that high-camp setting was absolutely spot on (unlike *Battlefield*, where this same performance seemed painfully hammy). It's all a matter of context; if THE TOMORROW PEOPLE had aspired to be a realistic drama (which, perversely, the original series did!), Marsh would never have got away with it. But accompanied by her twin henchwomen who droned their lines not only with a deadpan, repetitive air of menace ("Yes, Doctor Culex!"), but also with an air of the absurd since they said everything in absolute unison, and Marsh's otherwise bizarre performance became sparklingly appropriate.

This feeling of absurdity was especially signposted in *Monsoon Man*, in which the trio of villains were highly exaggerated. With the character of Wilkie, Kerry Shale's American drawl and outrageous collection of sneers would, in any serious drama, be criticized as poor acting. But then in any serious drama, you wouldn't have had characters who kept assorted oversized hypodermics in their inside pockets, or who hung around with plummy English professors who constantly upbraided them on their grammar, driving, or for being rude about "Mummy" (a wonderfully petulant performance from Christopher Benjamin as Middlemas here!). Or what about Colonel Ulysses Cobb (note the OTT name!) - a JR cliché straight out of DALLAS, but mixed with a cloyingly paternalistic media image? Finally, to top this all, mixed in with this hyperbolic villainy there was a series of similarly eccentric cameos, such as the ever delightful Peggy Mount, stomping about in her Margaret Rutherford hat and cape - an intertextual reference which was made explicit when it was revealed that she was actually an actress deliberately playing that part ("I gave them my Lady Bracknell, with a soupcon of Hedda Gabbler and a touch of Madame Arcarti for good measure!"). Even though this cameo amounted to but a few minutes screentime, it contributed to the overall bizarre atmosphere enormously, as well as lending some extra prestige to the production.

None of this is to suggest that the 1994 series was a comedy, but rather that balance between the comic and the menacing gave the drama its own special frisson. To an extent the villains were sanitized by their outrageousness, but then when they did something that was actually villainous, it often became all the more dramatic. For example, the cliffhanger to the third episode of *Monsoon Man*, in which Cobb surprises Ami and Megabyte in his office: just as the audience think that the Colonel's going to do something awful, he produces two packets of Corn Crinkles (which, in a none-to-subtle dig at the junk-food industry, apparently taste like "dog-biscuits"!). It's only when Ami and Megabyte think they've escaped that - in the best Ernst Stavro Blofeld tradition of milking the victims' (and by extension, the audience's) tension - the Colonel, still displaying his "favourite uncle" persona, turns on the lift's poison gas as he muses to himself about the "Sweet, sweet children"! Similarly, in the cliffhanger to episode two of *The Culex Experiment*, Jean Marsh combines a look of dangerous madness in the eyes (which gives the moment menace), while still maintaining an over-exaggerated delivery (which keeps the scene in the realms of high-camp). Such a tension between the dramatically absurd and the dramatically menacing was something that Roger Price never satisfactorily achieved, and when one describes the original series as "camp", this is usually as a synonym for "tacky" rather than in the sense of an "exaggerated manner". (There are other senses in which this word may be applied, but this is not the place!)

Having said all that, this balance is very difficult to get right, and in that respect *The Culex Experiment* was the loser of the season. All the characters in *Monsoon Man* were, to varying degrees, "larger than life", but not so in *The Culex Experiment* (obviously apart for the eponymous Doctor and the Twins). Roger Sloman's down-to-earth, world-weary, by-the-book Inspector Platt was, of course, a cliché (and one whom Sloman had already played for a year in Bergerac) but by those definitions he was not a cliché which allowed for much wit. Similarly Kevin's Aunt Ruth was another essentially 'straight' part, a part made particularly unmemorable by Denise Coffey, whose expression never seemed to change, and whose tone never varied. Being charitable to the actress, one could argue that when set against Jean Marsh's performance any "everyday" character would inevitably look listless; but, alas, that argument doesn't hold, since both Connie Booth's Dr Connor (who, having been given all that publicity in the opening titles each week, was something of an anti-climax when she finally appeared in the forth episode!) and Jeff Harding's General Damon were two equally mundane characters, and each acquitted themselves much better by actually managing to look concerned about the situation!

Despite this quibble, however, one cannot really dismiss *The Culex Experiment*, since what it lost in the bizarre character stakes it more than made up for in atmosphere through its unusual and striking settings. Doctor Culex's cavernous laboratory, with its oppressive green lighting and bizarre pupa-shaped sarcophagi, was a masterpiece of design. Also, the two directors made beautiful use of night-filming and location work (and, let's face it, as practically everything was location work, that's quite a sweeping piece of praise!). The chase through Worldex Securities, with its spacious, hi-tech, white interiors looked especially good, even if the events which led immediately up to it were slightly unbelievable (some security firm if they can be bugged so obviously without noticing anything!). Similarly, the climax in Culex's London lair also made effective use of locale. And fifteen years after Lalla Ward was bitten on the neck by a tacky video-blob in *Nightmare of Eden*, it's nice to see how far television has come in being able to realize flying insects effectively (even though the Quasar scenes showed that it sometimes still can't manage convincing laser beams!).

So what about the production on *Monsoon Man*? Well, the sets and location work admittedly weren't as good as its predecessor (save for the climax at Battersea Power Station - an impressive combination of night filming and special effects), but, as I've already argued, the characters were all much more entertaining and the script more lively. And, sorry though I felt for Adam Peace's negligible role in *The Culex Experiment*, that story really did demonstrate that he was very much excess baggage, and as such he was totally unmissed here. The set up of

The Tomorrow People - Kristian Schmid, Naomie Harris & Christian Tessier

Connie Booth as Dr Connor (©Thames)

three Tomorrow People and one "normal" character (Lucy, who could so easily have been tedious, but thankfully wasn't) worked very well: Adam sparked off Lucy, while Ami sparked off Megabyte. With Kevin being that much younger than the other characters, it's difficult to see how he could quite fit in to these pairings (he was paired off with Megabyte in the last series, which didn't really work at all). I must also just make mention here of the interplay between Ami and her mother throughout both stories; while all that "My little girl's growing up" nonsense is the sort of schmaltz I can well do without, I did enjoy Sally Sagoe's harping sarcasm, very reminiscent of Maureen Lipman's "Beattie" ("You call this tea? This isn't tea! It's something that rhymes with tea!").

Overall, there's very little in the series to find fault with, and my biggest gripe is over the opening moments of each episode. Even though it's been changed from last time, the theme music is still utterly listless and forgettable (although as to the sound generally, the stereo separation is amazing). I do wish that they'd bring back some variation of the Dudley Simpson original - there's now perhaps just a hint of it, but it's not enough. A similar thumbs down for the opening titles: again, totally forgettable, and I particularly don't like the mixing in of the live action from the episodes, especially as the choice of clips used is so insipid. And as for the pre-credit reprises, again as with the 1992 series, they're far too long (although I do quite like the music that accompanies them!). All these features were universally criticized last time, so I'm surprised that these problems haven't been properly addressed! However, its otherwise very difficult to be critical of the last series of THE TOMORROW PEOPLE, and when one remembers that one simply couldn't have said that in 1979, it shows just what wonders the new production team have worked on the format!

The Culex Experiment (6)
Monsoon Man (8)

John Molyneaux

Perry's Planet

by Jack C Haldeman II
(Titan £4.50)

THE ENTERPRISE is sent to re-establish contact with a lost human colony and bring it into the Federation. But all is not as it seems; every aspect of life in the centuries old colony is governed by a computer controlled construct, programmed by the colony's founder; Shades of *Return of the Archons* except that in this case the Founder isn't quite dead, and the 'leader' has plans to conquer the universe (it was his turn at the head of the megalomaniac's queue) by a 'peacekeeping virus' that makes anyone infected incapable of violence: even in self-defence.

The entire crew is contaminated and then things get complicated by (guess who?) Klingons (surprise, surprise) whose leader has a grudge against Kirk (yawn). The Klingons turn up while Kirk, McCoy, and Spock are trapped planetside but Scotty saves the day in orbit, while down below the away team outwit the computer, find a cure for the virus, and restore the 'natural order' of things for the colony's inhabitants.

In spite of all the STAR TREK cliches in this novel, and a rather slow start, it isn't a bad read at all. The originality of the 'peacekeeping virus' and Scotty's solution to the Klingons more than offset those problems. And the themes of the benevolent but misguided dictator and the removal of individual choice stifling a society's growth were favourite themes of Gene Roddenberry himself. I could well imagine *Perry's Planet* as an episode of STAR TREK, it would have sat well in that company. That's what I enjoyed most about this novel; it captured the flavour and atmosphere of the original series in a way that more recently written STAR TREKS seem to have lost. But having said that, it isn't exceptional in any way and doesn't have anything that makes it stand out from the crowd apart from Scott's very funny scene aboard the Klingon ship: so *Perry's Planet* gets just one point above dead centre (6).

If I've any real gripe it's not with *Perry's Planet*, but with Titan. I felt that these slim volumes in the *STAR TREK Adventures* series were over-priced at £3.99, but now they're £4.50 — the same price as the very latest TREK or TNG novels — and I feel ripped-off. For £4.50 I expect either quantity or quality (preferably both), and for that price I want something fresh and new. These tired old reprints don't, and can't, deliver any of that. I think it would be in Titan's interest to go for maximum sales per volume, not maximum profits per copy, at a lower cover price. The Yuppie managers strike again, but what's wrong with getting 'back to basics' with old-fashioned value like 'good will' and 'customer relations'? If the fans feel cheated, then in the end you'll find you've shot yourself in the foot, Titan...

Barbara Barrett

Legacy

Virgin Books - £4.99
April 21st

MY PROBLEM with these NEW ADVENTURES is that so many of them seem far removed from the spirit of the television programme that spawned them as to be, well, nothing to do with it. If your problem is the same, then go out and get this one. Where *Legacy* scores, where it stands effortlessly head and shoulders above the vast majority of its predecessors, is in the simple fact that, rather than being someone's half-formed idea of what SF is, it is actually, blissfully, DOCTOR WHO. At last.

Of course there are updated approaches and a glut of NEW ADVENTURE-isms in evidence here — interactive technologies, artificial intelligences and holograms replace the buttons, switches and TV monitors of our last two visits to Peladon, while a modicum of sex accompanies a plethora of quite breathtaking violence, notably in the first fifty pages or so. But the spirit of DOCTOR WHO, character-driven, idiosyncratic, good-humoured, entertaining and gripping in equal measure, washes in great waves over every page.

Another fifty years or so have passed since the Doctor's last trip to Peladon, where Queen Thalira's son Tarrol has, like his grandfather, succeeded to the throne at an unexpectedly early age. The Federation has mined out Peladon's trisilicate and the planet looks like becoming a tourist trap. But amid the preparations for galactic media coverage of the King's restatement ceremony, someone is stealing Peladon's crown jewels. The ultimate prize, however, is an artefact from another planet, the Ancient Diadem of Pakha, whose baleful influence on anyone foolish enough to wear it makes the Coronet of Rassilon look like a party-hat. A string of increasingly gruesome murders hide the criminal's trail from an archaeological dig on Pakha, via deep space and even a quick trip to Kaldor city (no robots in evidence, though), to the final battleground of Peladon itself.

Who is behind the thefts and killings? There's no shortage of suspects and Gary Russell draws each with consummate imagination and skill. Could it be Atissa, high priestess of Aggedor, zealously guarding Peladon's sacred heritage against the prying eyes of a galactic tourist industry? Geban, the young chancellor, torn between allegiance to his king and to the Federation? The apparently weak-willed King Tarrol himself? Keri, the hard-bitten Kate Adie of Federation newscasting, who despite being a four-foot-high rodent is capable of springing any number of surprises? Damakort, the sulky teenage son of the Federation Commissioner whose specialities are enigmatic evasiveness and interplanetary computer-hacking? Corry, the fussy, camp proprietor of holovid station GFIV3? Nic Reece, the Federation's Earth representative on Peladon who, as Bernice senses, has a secret to hide? Or are the Doctor's deepest suspicions correct that the threat comes from the seemingly friendly Ice Warriors?

Russell's relish for all things Martian and Pel is quickly evident and the continuity with the televised Ice Warrior stories is unobtrusive but impeccable. The opening section chronicles Peladon's Dark Ages and explains how it came about that King Peladon's mother was an Earth-woman, how Aggedor became the Royal Protector and how the planet began its slow climb out of barbarity. The lives and deaths of Peladon and Thalira are covered in detail, as are those of many other characters from the Peladon stories. Rather wonderfully, however, the only Pel surviving from the Doctor's last visit is Thalira's purple-robed handmaiden Lianna (the name is Russell's), now an old lady who occupies a pivotal position in the new crisis.

The Ice Warriors (referred to here, as in their debut story, as Martians) are admirably served. In the devious, calculating High Lord Savaar, Russell combines the moral complexity of Izlyr with the sheer menace of Azaxyr. Sskeet (played, I hope, by Sonny Caldinez) is more talkative and hence has more character than any "warrior" Martian since Varga. A large supporting cast includes Marshal Hissel, commander of a Federation ship of ominous power, and Professor Rhukk, a maverick archaeologist whose appearance is all too fleeting. For Bernice, of course, all this is a dream come true, and her embroilment in the intrigues of a race she's hitherto only read about lends *Legacy* a great deal of both tension and enjoyment. And yes, we *do* get to find out what an Ice Warrior looks like underneath his helmet.

These aren't the only old aliens revived for the return to Peladon. There's a fleeting appearance by one Vega Lexus, who lasts only slightly longer than his ancestor in *Monster*. And then of course there's the irresistible Alpha Centauri, a portrayal so deliciously true to the original that Ysanne Churchman's twittering tones come effortlessly to mind. Keeping continuity with Hayles's novelisation of *The Curse of Peladon* Centauri has a molluscoid propensity to change colour alongside his emotional flusterings,

and there's even a delightful re-run of the hexapod's most celebrated line from *The Monster of Peladon*.

It's not all (in fact, it's hardly at all) continuity references however, and Russell's own creations, notably the hamster-like Pakhars and the orange-skinned Cantryans, are deployed with confidence and flair. Damakort in particular is an intriguing and immensely well-written character who deserves to return — though as companion or villain I'm not prepared to say!

If the killer's identity becomes pretty obvious before it's spelt out by the Doctor, this isn't a failing. The fact that we are allowed to deduce it for ourselves allows us dramatic space to worry about the threat hanging over the ignorant and innocent parties. And the Doctor is an innocent party — no silly masterplans in evidence here, although he is concluding unfinished business (as the initial flashback to a perfectly evoked Pertwee evinces) and certainly stretches his companions' tolerance to the limit in true seventh Doctor fashion. Bernice is given first-class treatment, and Ace is almost totally absent. What more could the discerning reader ask for?

This novel isn't going to break down the frontiers of modern fiction, but contrary to the beliefs of some that's not what the NEW ADVENTURES are there to do. Gary Russell has written a new story in the traditional style, which is elegant, surprising, exciting and entertaining from the very first page. *Legacy* is everything that was attractive about DOCTOR WHO in the first place, and for that it deserves more than a (10).

Robert Liddiard

Myth Makers - Sylvester McCoy

JUST WHEN you thought they'd run out of victims...I mean subjects...to interview, along comes another Myth Makers, this time featuring that speech therapist's dream Sylvester McCoy taking the diddy one to Rutland Water, scene of the Season 26 epic *Battlefield*.

McCoy is one of those JNT casting decisions that you either loved or loathed and I'm afraid I could never quite get to grips with Sylvester's portrayal of the Doctor. I wanted to like him, I really did, but somehow he was just never the Doctor to me in the way that I could accept Davison or Colin Baker. With this in mind I am perhaps not the ideal person to review his Myth Makers release, although I have to point out that I thought he was great in the National Theatre's *Pied Piper* and even in *The Airzone Solution*. Very wisely Reeltime have gone for a slightly BIG BREAKFAST-ish chaotic approach to match McCoy's limitless energy, and they have been lucky enough to secure the services of one Sophie Aldred to act as Production Assistant, popping in throughout to advise on timing and offer a few titbits in the line of questioning. Sylvester gets on with the job in hand describing his childhood in Scotland, his years working in the city in finance and then onto his entry in show-business via Ken Campbell and Brian Murphy. One thing that grated with me a little bit is the little graphics box which floats around the screen showing pictures of the McCoy career (don't know why really except it's just small and...well, annoying).

I remember interviewing McCoy for DWB at the end of his first season when I found myself unsure whether I liked him very much — I now realise it was because he's the sort of personality you can't pin down easily, and considering that Nick Briggs works wonders in bringing out as much as he does when Sylvester's mind so easily goes off at a tangent at the drop of a hat. Whatever criticisms I might throw at McCoy during his time on DOCTOR WHO, no one can say he didn't give it 100, as he always does with every job (how I yearn for the return of his finest hour — TISWAS lives on!).

I think Sylvester still has unexplored potential for his undoubted talent, and perhaps a MR. BEAN-ish wacky character might come his way and give him the sort of exposure that he deserves. He gave the good Doctor a brave stab but it was perhaps unfortunate that his version was the last of the BBC in house Doctors. This release is not the best of the series admittedly but certainly it is always entertaining with the wonderful Mr. Briggs holding court in marvellous form yet again. We get a glimpse or two of Barnfather, the Reeltime Godfather, who recently claimed in these very pages that the producer doesn't get enough credit. All I can say, Keith, is that when a large cheque and a crate of champagne is forthcoming, *then* you can have as much praise as you like. That's not asking too much is it? Nick's never objected!

Robert Cope

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Decalog

"DOCTOR WHO short fiction has a long and distinguished history"... or so says the editors' note at the front of *Decalog*, Virgin's first attempt at a DOCTOR WHO short story collection. I'm not really that sure that as opening statements go it's one that would stand up in a court of law — distinguished? — but you really shouldn't judge a book by its inside cover. More importantly, what exactly have we got as the meat in our sandwich? Well, the book's jacket spells it out quite clearly — *Ten Stories - Seven Doctors - One Enigma*. We're also informed that "Decalog is a new concept in DOCTOR WHO fiction: a cycle of ten linked stories". New? What about the *Trial of a Time Lord* or the *Key to Time* seasons? They were both fiction (no, really?) and both constituted cycles of linked stories. Please, if the book's any good it won't need some silly claims to sell it. How I hate publisher's blurb.

Put bluntly, there's been heaps of totally forgettable DOCTOR WHO short stories over the years, scattered through fanzines and annuals, but for the first time someone has decided to try putting the format into a book. My major hope when I picked up the book was that the presence of Mark Stammers and Stephen James Walker in the editor's chair(s) would provide the necessary filter in order to ensure a good overall standard. Did they succeed? Well...

PLAYBACK (introduction) by Stephen James Walker

Playback sets the scene for the rest of the book, providing a superstructure from which the other stories hang. And it's a rather neat idea. The Doctor, minus his memory, wanders into the office of a private detective and asks for help. The detective, intrigued by his mysterious client, takes the amnesiac Doctor to a mystic who can read memories from personal objects, and each of the following stories flows from something found in the Doctor's pockets. Splendid stuff. However, what I could have done without is Stephen's chosen writing style.

"The air was heavy with tobacco smoke, so I rested my cigarette in the ashtray and leaned back to push open the window — the one with the words 'Bart Addison — Private Investigator' painted on it in big black letters. The scent of greasy food wafted up from Frank's Diner four floors below. It didn't clear the air, but at least it added a touch of variety."

A mix of gumshoes and corn is such a tired recipe, and to my mind never a satisfying one, that I was pleased by the story's brevity. Much more of it would have decked me as sure as any Mexican heavy. Too leaden for my tastes, and a slightly disappointing start to the book.

FALLEN ANGEL: Andy Lane

Story two is dedicated to the memory of Leslie Charteris — he of THE SAINT fame. I therefore assume that Andy Lane's chosen style for this second Doctor yarn is a tribute to the named dead author. I just wish he hadn't picked such a whimsical approach. Put bluntly

Virgin Books - £4.99
March 18th

I found both the style and content childish in the extreme, which resulted in a set of character portrayals that ranged from infuriatingly puerile to pathetically thin. Others may well find something about the flying robots and the daring-do heroics that pepper *Fallen Angel* to their liking, but my taste for such antics disappeared around the time of my 11th birthday. Sorry, but I found this all rather nasty.

THE DUKE OF DOMINOES: Marc Platt

Blood — thunder — a plot to control all creation — gangsters — mystic aliens — the Master. The potential to create a total mess from that list of ingredients must surely have been very high, but Mark Platt has twisted them into something altogether wonderful, in the process creating one of the most enjoyable word-pictures you could imagine of the Master. I found myself getting a real sense of his motivation, arrogance, and his almost messianic will to power. Whatever reservations I have about the whole endeavour would seem to be nit-picking, so I'll restrain my criticisms to a single point: why wasn't it longer?

THE STRAW THAT BROKE THE CAMEL'S BACK: Vanessa Bishop

This small story is nicely juxtaposed with Marc Platt's mini-epic. Set in the middle of season seven, we are presented with a warring Doctor and Brigadier, a conciliatory Liz, a lost alien, and a small English village. These elements unravel into a plot that's really more about the relationship between the Doctor and UNIT than the mysterious alien presence, but if I was to say any more I'd give away something of the story. Hugely enjoyable in a small sort of way.

SCARAB OF DEATH: Mark Stammers

I've always been a sucker for Egyptian iconography, so any story that starts off with a mysterious pyramid is fine by me. We are of course in Osiran territory, high on continuity, and all rather topical what with *Pyramids of Mars* being repeated. What's really nice about this concise adjunct to the television representation is that it fits so neatly as a sequel, and just as importantly, a conclusion. My only qualms about *Scarab of Death* is the inclusion of the Time Lord and the totally gratuitous brothel sequence. Those apart, it maintains the high standard set by the previous two stories.

THE BOOK OF SHADOWS: Jim Mortimore

Well, if I liked *Scarab of Death* how could I fail to like *The Book of Shadows* as it's set in ancient Egypt? As far as the history element is concerned Jim Mortimore really knows his stuff, to the point that you almost get the feeling that he wrote his first draft in hieroglyphics. However, the plotting is far too complex for a short story, and although I found both Barbara and the Doctor to be well in keeping with their TV counterparts, I couldn't help but haulk at the story's denouement. What should have been a good time-twist ending is rounded off in a rather flippant fashion which is a shame considering the promising start. I came away feeling that this was a waste of a really good idea.

FASCINATION: David J. Howe

Fascination troubled me. It was certainly evocatively written, and I really did get a feeling of a dry and dusty landscape (has David been on a Greek holiday recently?), but to what point? As a piece of descriptive prose this story works very successfully, but as a vehicle for a narrative it faired less well. Okay, so there's this community that uses magic and not everyone is quite so trustworthy as they might be. And...well, that's it really. Perhaps my main problem is that I never really liked the character of Peri, so when she goes and gets herself into a little bit of trouble I really wasn't that engaged by her plight. This may not be such an obstacle to other readers, but if I'd been the Doctor I think I'd have been tempted to have left her to a much deserved fate at the hands of an over-sexed dullard.

THE GOLDEN DOOR: David Auger

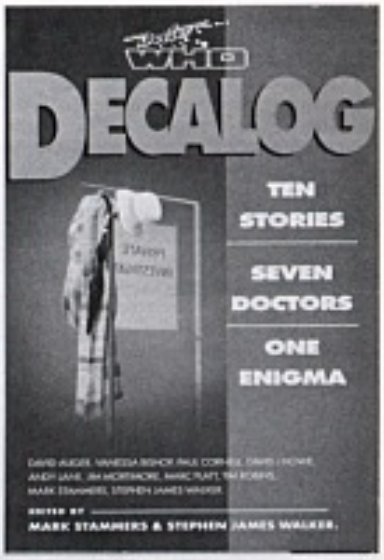
If *Fascination* did too little for my taste then *The Golden Door* tries for too much. Reading this was a little like stumbling through a set of writer's notes — the germ of an idea is here but I can't help feeling that someone should have edited out some of Boys' Own jumble of characters and technology. On the plus side both Dodo and Steven are recreated very faithfully and the Doctor struts, mutters, and quips just as you'd imagine he should, but that wasn't enough to carry the plot. I found it got far too busy, far too quickly, and it left me mentally out of breath by the end — not because it was an exciting roller-coaster ride, but because too much material had been stuffed into such a short span. If there was ever a need for the editors to take a hand then this was it.

PRISONERS OF THE SUN: Tim Robins

Was this entry meant to be funny? It's so chock full of everything (references to SHADO, Time Lords, UNIT, Doomwatch, the Master, Autons... you name it) that in the end the story gets lost under a welters of pointless continuity and "look what I've included" referrals. To top it all we're told a tale of a flooded London in a style that at times defies description. Let me quote...

"Alone again, Captain Yates took several swigs from his hip flask, then lurched over to a reproduction nineteenth-century globe. He steadied himself, then pressed his thumb down on to the British Isles. The globe's northern hemisphere pivoted open to reveal a bundle of electrodes. He selected a lead and jack plug and stuck them up his nose."

I pictured this all too clearly in my imagination and started to giggle. The only thing I can say in the story's favour was that it made me smile and that it was quite short, but apart from that it was just too daft by half to be enjoyed as even entertaining rubbish.



LACKADAY EXPRESS: Paul Cornell

Stylistically Paul Cornell wins all the points with *Lackaday Express*. In an attempt to create a feeling of timelessness he invokes the present tense in a series of seemingly random sequences that at first left me feeling a little confused. However, as the story slowly unfolds this stylistic device comes to make perfect sense, in the process lifting an otherwise average plot into something quite special. What is also good about this story is that it runs its ideas to exactly the right length, unlike some of the other stories in this anthology. Brevity and invention are surely the hallmark of a good short story, and Paul Cornell has combined them both to good effect.

PLAYBACK (conclusion): Stephen James Walker

This final instalment rounds off the 'enigma' of where the Doctor's memory has gone. Oh dear! It's not actually bad, but it is far too redolent of a 50s B movie for my taste. Grand alien plans, this time linked with Nazi Germany, and a weak pay-off, ended *Decalog* with a rather insubstantial conclusion. That said, I had come to understand why Stephen had chosen such a brassy style by the time I'd finished the book. The little linking *Playback* sequences between each of the stories sits neatly between the styles chosen by the other authors, in the process creating a superstructure from which the other narratives hang.

Time to round up... There's no doubt that the best of *Decalog* is very good indeed. Hopefully, if a second volume of short stories is being considered then some of the writers will be asked back again. The down side — and there always is a down side — is that to my mind there were a couple of stories that really should never have been included. Others will no doubt disagree with me, but I cannot find it in my heart to like *Fallen Angel* at any level. Sorry, Andy.

So there we have it. A good variety of styles, a clever premise for its overall theme, and a couple of small gems. The book also lightened up a couple of my journeys down from Sheffield to London, and anything that can make two and a half hours on a train enjoyable undoubtedly deserves (7).

Anthony Clark

"You can't get your own green man..."
ABC Announcer, commenting on *Inferno*

INFERNO

WATCHING *Inferno* with my partner made all the difference. If he hadn't been enjoying the story so much I would have regarded *Inferno* as just another Pertwee story with a couple of good ideas and plenty of padding. When *Inferno* was broadcast he was just eleven years old (I was still being weaned) and he could recollect it moderately well. I tried to put myself in his shoes as he said *Inferno* actually scared him. I don't think this has ever happened to me with DOCTOR WHO.

Inferno is well above the standard 'DOCTOR WHO meets DOOMWATCH' stories that seemed to abound during Pertwee's reign as the Doctor. It is most definitely superior to stories like Planet of Giants and *The Green Death* even though it deals with the Earth's survival being threatened by the actions of one man whose own actions will eventually cause his own downfall — but not before bringing about the doom of quite a few others.

Those of you buying the video may have already seen a pirated copy, and will almost certainly have read the Target novelization, so the revelation that the Doctor finds himself on a parallel Earth will come as no surprise. But try to imagine a Saturday tea-time in 1970, when the Doctor's garage door 'handle' won't work and there are strange posters declaring 'Unity is Strength', a world where everything looks the same — almost...

The fact that DOCTOR WHO hadn't used an alternative Earth scenario in its seven year history is surprising. I guess they hadn't run out of clichés by then. Whilst the alternative state is under a totalitarian regime that is about as clichéd as one can get in DOCTOR WHO, the parallel Britain storyline is integral to the plot, and not the example of clever padding as I initially thought. The alternative Britain storyline also allows the regulars to seriously show off. John Levene's Benton, however, was always substandard, and his counterpart is even worse. I can see where Jim Mortimore found ideas for his appalling characterisation of Benton in *Blood Heat*. Benton's Primord is the best of a rather sorry bunch of monsters, though. Thankfully, the story's so good they're ignorable.

Caroline John is simply divine as the assistant who you know could never say "I'm sorry, but could you explain that to me again, because I'm stupid?", and also as Section Leader Shaw, who takes no messing from anyone on the parallel world. It's such a shame that *Inferno* had to be her last regular story. Jon Pertwee is recorded as saying that he didn't think the character of Liz worked with his Doctor, but this certainly doesn't show on screen. There seems to be a camaraderie between the two based on a mutual respect quite unlike the sentimental uncle-niece relationship with the much overrated Jo Grant. Another season with Liz Shaw and she'd have been in the top of the polls for certain. And her wigs are to die for! It's a pity they weren't auctioned at Bonhams. I would have snapped them up! And meanwhile Nick Courtney makes the Brigadier's cowardly counterpart in the alternate Britain a little more interesting than the 'pompous, self-opinionated nitwit' even the Doctor has had enough of. Cool scar too.

What is really brilliant about Lord Pertwee of Putney's first season of DOCTOR WHO is that he seems amazingly restrained, and has not yet started to play the Doctor as himself. There is no ad-libbing or obvious reading of cue-cards or various parts of the set. There are no great morality tales even though the Doctor is visibly distressed at having to leave the dying parallel world and its billions of inhabitants so that he can save 'our' world. No wonder the Keller Machine gave him some hassle about it in *The Mind of Evil*. Unfortunately, there is no further development to this facet of the story but, let's face it, this is Saturday teatime TV. No-one should expect deep intellectualising in DOCTOR WHO.

Olaf Pooley's a good laugh as Professor Stahlman, who never quite gets to say "Nuzzink in ze verld can stop me now!", although you can imagine him practising manic laughter and clichéd lines in front of his bedroom mirror. But the daft bugger moronically infects himself and we're eventually deprived of any future histrionics. Misguided, mad or just plain old immodest scientists are my favourites. Just look at Kerensky in *City of Death*, Hardin in *The Leisure Hive* and *Genesis'* Davros. Stahlman, in my book, is among the best of them all. He can't stand the Doctor or the Brigadier, hates interference and shows no sign of doubt that he believes what he is doing is right.

The love interest between Petra Williams and Greg Sutton is simply nauseating, but easily ignored. Derek Newark doesn't seem to have come a long way from Za in *An Unearthly Child* (or whatever you want to call it). As Greg, he tends to get uptight at the slightest thing — the poor man's blood pressure can't have been healthy. Serves him right for being a male chauvinist pig. Obviously 1,000,000 years of evolution has not improved Za's direct descendant. Petra's parallel world counterpart is harsher than 'our' Petra, and all manner of stereotypes come crawling out. An example: Petra Williams is simply Stahlman's personal assistant, but **Dr** Williams is second in command of the Inferno Project on the parallel Earth. Evidently, a woman has to be colder and harsher if she's to get anywhere (and the same seems to apply to Section Leader Elizabeth Shaw). I think not. Anyway, great boots, Petra!

The story is seven episodes long and while one would expect it to drag a little, there is always something to keep the grey cells active. The incidental music (or incidental noise) doesn't distract from the action (unlike *The Sea Devils*) and was, apparently, used constantly by THE TOMORROW PEOPLE so it must be good. Douglas Camfield's direction is so good that you don't notice it. The main set's enormous, simple and effective. The only lousy effect is the thing covered in bacofoil that spins one way or another to indicate which dimension we're visiting. All the OB work is well done, but does involve people climbing up gas tanks for no obvious good reason when running away very fast indeed might have been a better idea. Miraculously, the orange filter for exterior shots at the alternative Inferno project as all hell breaks loose actually works, making it easy to suspend your disbelief that the world really is — seriously and no doubt about it - on fire. All the fist-fights are brilliantly appalling and the stunt men were obviously having an off day, but I don't care because it doesn't matter. And that's one of the reasons I like DOCTOR WHO anyway.

It wouldn't have been half as good directed by anyone else. The great thing about Douglas Camfield's 'soldier stories' (*The Web of Fear, Terror of the Zygons...*) is that the direction is straight forward with no attempt to embellish upon the writer's words. In *Inferno*, there's no need to embellish - it's almost perfect.

And the whole thing concerns Penetration Zero. *Ooo-eeeer!* **(9-One off for the tedious sexism and the gooey, happy ending).**

Neil Corry

The Gods in a Paddy

Pyramids of Mars
BBC Video £7.99

I DON'T KNOW why I said yes, now. I mean this is *Pyramids of Mars* we're going to talk about! It's hardly a neglected gem or an average run-of-the-mill yarn, is it? This is one of those much-loved CLASSICS of DOCTOR WHO, packaging a solid plot, chilling adversaries, fine acting performances and smooth direction with the lead actor effortlessly moving towards his disarming, charmingly alien peak of performance. And really, after all this time "up there" as one of the golden reasons we're all fans in the first place, is there much more to be said?

Well, if the old ground is good and firm there's no harm in re-exploring. It's one of those stories that many of us probably wore out through overuse after a while in our possession, the images and characters so vivid that the memory ended up playing them as well as the video. Coming back fresh to a weekly BBC1 airing or an episodic re-release, it's oddly comforting to find the memory hasn't cheated this time.

It's curious - straight from the start of the programme there's that uniquely BBC drama style present in the poor man's recreation of the classic horror movie images; the white suited English professor placed squarely in stock footage and stammering ethnic extras. Almost instantly, action begins with the Eye of Horus, the opening door and the terrible blast of green light... Here is good, economic scripting; the few lines Scarman utters in this first scene not only define the ancient nature of the power that strikes him down ("...first dynasty of the Pharoahs"), but also cement his character in this, his one "human" appearance as Scarman — knowledgeable, colonial, a blatant cliché. But that only strengthens the audience identification with that character type. And the small cast, virtually all of whom are met in episode one (and indeed, most disposed of by episode three), slot effortlessly into this tiny slice of 1911 with minimum work for the viewer, proper English cyphers that allow the plot's fast pace to gather momentum unhindered.

And what momentum! Sutekh certainly makes up for the lost centuries, for by the end of the first part we have two men dead, one shot, giant mummies (a superb design combining the familiar and the eerie) lumbering incongruously through the English countryside, and the sinister technicolour sarcophagus coming to climactic organ-ic life. All this and the revelation of a threat greater than anything the Doctor has previously encountered (in the days when this meant something). The simple conviction of the players makes that threat, even on a BBC scale, seem tangible.

Fast pacing was the key to season thirteen's success (and indeed, that of most of the Hinchcliffe era). But amidst the slick sci-fi thriller-chillers of *The Android Invasion*, *Terror of the Zygons* and *The Seeds of Doom*, or the gothic space opera on Karn and Zeta Minor, *Pyramids* stands out (as does *Mandragora* the following season) as having that impeccably served historical flavour that integrates perfectly into the science fiction plot; and somehow that gives it an extra layer of enjoyment. Mixing the garish worlds of Mars and Sutekh's domain with the pale classic shades of upper crust England in spring time just emphasises and reinforces the multicoloured, multifarious figure of the Doctor — he's one that can stride effortlessly and charismatically through any background.

It's easy to see why the ratings were so high in those days, with Baker (I know it's a cliché, but then many truisms are) at the very height of his Gallifreyan powers. The performance is so highly charged with menace, humour and passion that you can't fail to be taken in. And there's so many little touches in this story in particular that appease the fan while still entertaining the general public — the famous, brooding line "I walk in Eternity" in part one, the acclaimed "alien morality" bit after Laurence's death, and a hundred little touches. Take, for example, the scene where the travellers dip into the future. The Doctor grins widely and good-humouredly at Scarman's incredulity at his ship. The next second, after his remark about similarities to Mr Wells' fictions, the grin has been replaced by a look that is almost contemptuous. The human has bored him — just as a child gets bored with watching the antics of insects on a hot day. Yet he is willing to sacrifice himself entirely for the sake of the human race. That walk from the curtain over to the sarcophagus, and his receding figure in the vortex, always moves me. Sad, I know, but it just sums up what the Doctor should be about for me — the heroic, courageous wanderer in space and time, ready to lay down his life for the greater good. Virtuous but unpredictable. Tom Baker in the mid seventies, in fact.

Paddy Russell may have had trouble coping with Baker on *Fang Rock*, but she does a fine job here. Lis Sladen is at her best as well, playing her part with more guts and less whimpers. She gives humanity to temper the Doctor's brash alien nature, and the affection that exists between them is always apparent without being cloying (a major spoiler of the later McCoy/Ace relationship). Bernard Archard is, along with Tony Beckley, at the top of the sinister villains league table, his death cry of "Free! Free at last!" all the sadder because we're never sure whether it's Sutekh's echo or Scarman's own humanity resurfacing.

Of special mention at this point is the weird black-robed thing that emerges from the sarcophagus as Sutekh's envoy (how I used to wonder what that illustration on the Blackpool exhibition's 1976 poster was!). Considering its time on screen is less than three minutes the drama it conveys is very powerful, as is the odd, echoing voice of Scarman emanating from within. The cliffhanger to part one, with the prolonged death rattle of Namin and the smoke rising from his charred shoulders is one of the best of the year, next to...the next one!

As the Mummies storm the lodge, and Baker's lofty frame is hurled aside, the point of view shot as the Mummy's blank face fills the screen is one of those classic behind-the-sofa moments. The vicarious moment is held perhaps a little too long in part three, but this is surely deliberate; the obvious place to put the sting would be over Baker's scream of agony, but instead, we cut to the green eyes of Sutekh, glaring at The Doctor — and at us — for an entire week in the memory. It's touches like that — and in part four with the animated doorways on Mars — that makes Russell a surprising director, considering her workman-like work on *Dinosaurs* and *Fang Rock*.

She handles the rest of the small cast effectively as well. Michael Sheard is efficiently wet playing his best part in the series (with the possible exception of Mergrave), and his death is as tragic as Warlock's is chilling. His look at the photo of himself and his brother dressed up in their top hats is a wonderful touch, and because we know (from the Doctor's urgent insistance) that Scarman is, to all purposes, 'dead', we are just waiting for Laurence's plaintive pleas to come to grief.

Even minor characters such as the poacher and Namin die memorably, and Sutekh, especially when his true features are revealed, is so chock-full of layered, sibilant evil that he shows Stephen Thorne how powerful figures should be done. He delivers some of the best threats in the series' history with a calm, unnerving deliberation that really does scare. When he makes the mighty Tom kneel before him, we appreciate the dung beetle's raison d'etre has really hit the fan; yes, it is a 'classic' moment. His demise, and his increasingly desperate pleas and threats as he realises his fate, is one of the most satisfying ever. Well-directed, well-acted, well...good stuff.

The only oddities are the infamous cushion-holding hand and the strange angle of Sutekh's scanner screen considering people look directly at it. But these are trifling matters. I would like to know what made the apparently vindictive mummy kill poor old Collins, but I guess when the Gods are restless, mummy's always the first to know (ouch).

Pyramids is fortunate in that it has so much going for it: it's got a small, strong cast, incident and challenge at every turn, a battle of wits that seems almost certain to end in that haunting vision of future Earth on many occasions, and even continuity references! Yes, Victoria, city of the Exillons, they're all here — and, pleasantly, all relevant. The end series of traps on Mars may be obvious, but they're satisfying, because they're faster paced and much more urgent — the baddies are ahead and the Doctor must catch them up to save the universe. The stakes are high, and it's nice to have a bit of scientific romance in the ending with the radio waves — it fits into the quaint Wellsian backdrop snugly and with aplomb.

So there's your quintessential DOCTOR WHO classic, pure and simple, at a time when that pure and simple formula also juggled popularity, controversy and even affection in the equation. Hardly surprising then that so many fans hanker after this "golden age", and look lovingly and rose-tintedly at *Pyramids* in particular as a representation of all that was good and worthy in that period.

And really, why shouldn't we? (10)

Stephen Cole

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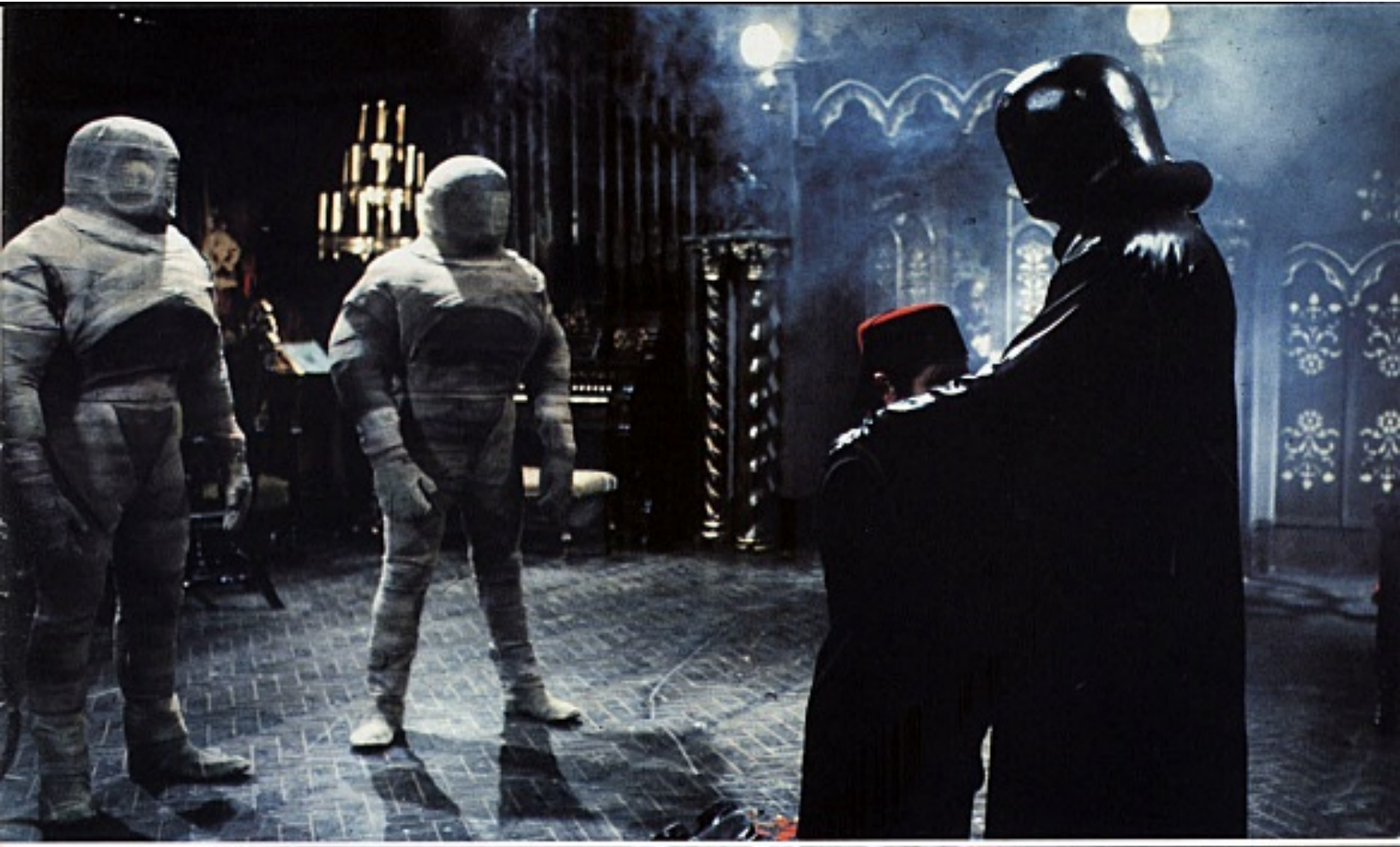

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